APR 16 1964

B.A. Roussel 1936.

" La Cité de Carcassonne.

Plus beau qu'une belle chose est la ruine d'une belle chose "

Mon livre Maude Spitler

THE ANNALS
OF
ELDER HORN

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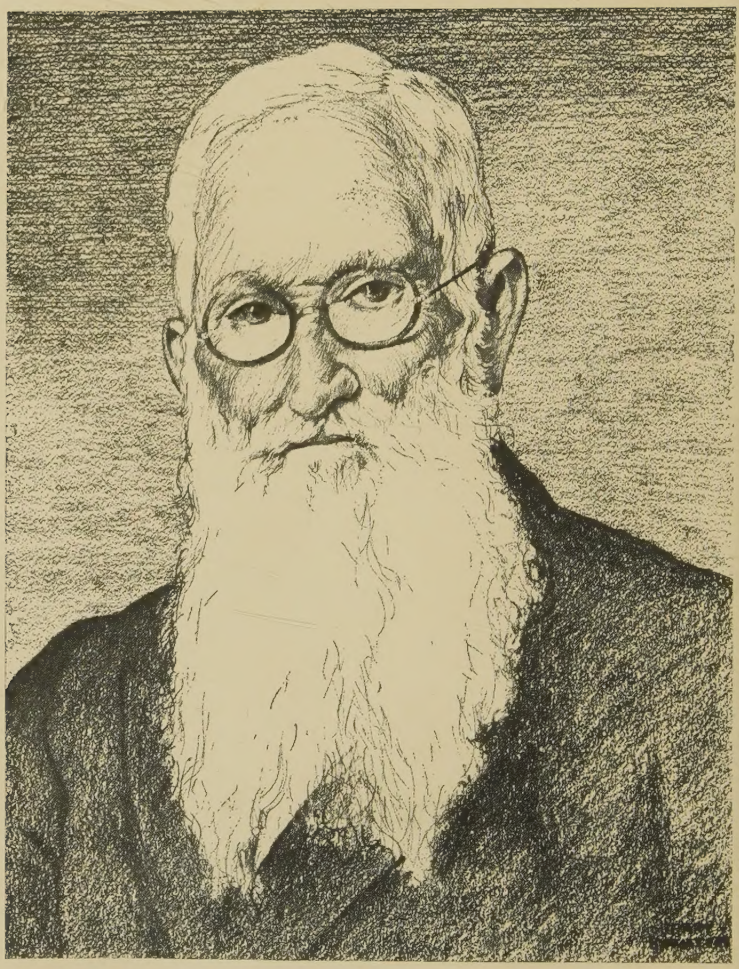

THE ANNALS *of* ELDER HORN

Early Life in the Southwest

Arranged
by
JOHN WILSON BOWYER
and
CLAUDE HARRISON THURMAN

United Theological Seminary
Bx 7343
H676 59,164
1930

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	From Tennessee to Texas	1
II.	Early Impressions of Texas	6
III.	Other Immigrants	20
IV.	War	31
V.	Collin County Again	57
VI.	Off to College	65
VII.	College	72
VIII.	Vacation Time	79
IX.	College Again	87
X.	Evangelizing in My Native Tennessee	89
XI.	A Final Year of College	95
XII.	Preaching, Marriage, Teaching	102
XIII.	To Texas to Stay	131
XIV.	Still at My Task	139
XV.	1873	166
XVI.	1874	182
XVII.	1875	200
XVIII.	1876	208

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

EDITORS' PREFACE

Our interest in the *Autobiography* of Elder Horn is intrinsic. We do have, however, a distinct secondary interest in the fact that Elder Horn represents those elements which culture brings to a pioneer community —religion, law and order, and education. What he has written amounts to a biography, to speak figuratively, of the culture movement in one significant and no doubt representative section of the Southwest. Mr. Horn's life in Tennessee and at school in Kentucky is in point for showing what went into the make-up of this second-line type of pioneer.

Elder Horn has kept a diary most of his life. In 1871 he wrote the preceding years into an Autobiography. We have put the diary for the next five years into a similar form. Sometimes we have filled in bare suggestions no longer clear to the ordinary reader by jogging Mr. Horn's memory or by inquiring from some of the other old citizens of Collin County. In no case have we deliberately colored material. Nothing has been taken away or changed; explanations have been added for clarity and illustration.

The editors are not responsible for opinions and beliefs—religious or otherwise—expressed in the text. It will be clear to the reader, furthermore, that Mr.

Horn's outlook has inevitably changed much since those days, just as the conditions have changed. But these were the ideas and the spirit of the community at that time. Even the anecdotes are a definite part of the social and cultural background.

It is with genuine gratitude for the great personality of Elder Horn that we publish this work with his permission and his assistance. For various kinds of additional aid as indicated above, we thank especially Miss Fanny Waddill, Mrs. Maude Powell, Rev. John Albert Phillips, Captain Milt Board, Mr. J. A. Biggs, Hon. George P. Brown, Squire J. F. Wester, Mr. John Wester, Mrs. Hallie Everett, Mrs. John Stallcup, Mr. B. E. Looney, Mrs. Claude Thurman, and the members of the Horn family. Miss Louise McDowell has seen the material in its various stages of preparation and has given us valuable criticism. Many other friends, among whom we must call the names of Doctors John O. Beaty, John H. McGinnis, and E. E. Leisy, have manifested their interest. We thank them sincerely.

J. W. B.
C. H. T.

DALLAS, TEXAS
September, 1930

THE ANNALS
OF
ELDER HORN

THE ANNALS OF ELDER HORN

CHAPTER I

FROM TENNESSEE TO TEXAS

To the outsider, no section of America is more beautiful than western North Carolina. To the native, however, the mountains and deep valleys and hill-roads and eroded soils spell hardship and deprivation rather than beauty, and, although many born there marry and raise families, hardly daring to face for themselves the world beyond their own close horizons, some, born with the spirit of revolt in their blood and the desire to see and find out about the world, determine early to trace for themselves the line of the setting sun. These are the true pioneers, restless in their youth, generous at all times, noble in the fashion of men with visions who have no time for petty things —men fundamentally honest, who carry with them the spirit of education and religion as well as the spirit of adventure. They experience much, they suffer much, but they also enjoy fully. And seldom do they go back, even for burial. Their bodies belong to the new ground which they have sought out and lived from.

Richard Horn, my grandfather, was such a pioneer. Born in North Carolina, the Valley of Humility between two Mountains of Pride, as he put it, on the 12th day of February, 1791, he tilled the rocky soil of his father until, at the age of twenty-five, with a

wife, Clarissa Holyfield, and a son, William Henderson, he determined to seek greater freedom on the other side of the Great Smokies. He moved to Wilson County, in middle Tennessee, and there rented farms and raised a family of ten children.

On March 3, 1836, the eldest of these children, William Henderson Horn, was married to Martha, only daughter of James C. and Mildred Carruth. From this union came, on April 26, 1844, a son, Robert Cannon Horn. It is not my purpose to show what a remarkable person this young man—myself—born under no extraordinary circumstances, was or became. Perhaps I was more remarkable about that time or shortly thereafter than I have ever been since. But I have kept a record from day to day for a good while now, and I get pleasure out of going back and sketching what I wrote down in the warmth of the actual event. I write for myself. If anything I have written attracts the attention in times to come of another who may become interested in what I have done and thought and listened to, I shall be very happy.

When I was about one year old, my father moved from Wilson over into Sumner County, Tennessee, where he had bought a small farm on time. It was a lovely place, or so it seemed to me when I went back to it after a number of years on the Texas plains. The land was steep, but some of it was very fertile and the woods made a delightful place for a young child to roam about on the rare occasions when he did not have to work. One side of the farm was protected by the Cumberland River, the bluffs of which range at this point from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet in

height. At one place there is a gap in the bluff, with a passway down to the river. Here we kept a canoe in which we ferried across to visit my Grandfather Horn, who had also bought in this vicinity, and his family.

Father struggled hard until he had paid out on his homestead; he also improved it and added to it. He was compelled to labor very hard, and no sooner were his children large enough to aid him than he taught them to live by the sweat of their brows. I remember working in tobacco at the age of six or seven years. Pa put me, at the age of nine, to following the plow; and well do I recall how I had to tip-toe to reach the handles.

During the winter I attended school, so that at the age of fourteen I was able to read, write, add, subtract, and multiply as well as most boys of that day. I had a taste for books, and often after my day's work was done I would read until time to go to bed.

My first schooling had no such thing as divisions into classes, except a spelling class. The one who reached school first in the morning was called on to recite first. He read aloud to the teacher. Pupils who read fairly well were required to study their lessons aloud; this made a constant roaring in the classroom. All of us had slates and slate pencils. To clean the slate, we would spit on it and remove the marks with a rag or our sleeves. Most of us boys used our sleeves.

We had a one-room schoolhouse, with seats made of split logs; we studied and wrote with our books and slates on our knees. School took up as early as the children could get there and held until just time for them to reach home before dark. We had several recesses during the day, with a long recess at noon for

dinner and such games as town-ball, cat, bull-pen, and marbles and knucks. Knucks provided the kind of punishment that made good players of us boys. There were little holes into which we tried to roll marbles. If we were beaten, then we had to put our knuckles down and let the winners shoot their marbles at them.

In the fall of 1857 my father sold his farm with a view to move to Texas, where many of my mother's relatives, including her father and brother, had gone. He gave possession at Christmas and rented a farm on which to live until fall, at which season he desired to start for the West. During this period of closing out his business, he ran a ferryboat across the Cumberland River. I handled the stern paddle to keep the boat in line. We charged twenty-five cents for wagons and ten cents for riders on horseback. Though I lived on this river until I was fourteen, I never learned to swim until I came to Texas. I was afraid of big streams and began swimming in Texas in small creeks. If I had not known how to swim during the War, I would have been drowned. Once I got on a mule that wouldn't swim. This mule did the regular trick of letting himself go entirely under water in order to be relieved of his burden. Then he swam out. I did not know that the only thing to do in a case of this kind is to stay on the mule.

To make the journey to Texas, we had a wagon with a two-horse team and a carriage similar to a covered spring-wagon. Also for the trip Pa shod an unweaned colt of stock that he liked a great deal. This colt grew into a very valuable mare. Her increase has been almost enough to buy a small farm. On the first

day of September, 1858, we bade farewell to our friends and started. I was loath to leave the friends of my childhood with no assurance that I would ever see them again.

We traveled by way of Nashville, Memphis, Little Rock, and Laynesport on the Red River, where we crossed into Texas. My father was very conscientious about Sunday, and while we traveled on Sundays sometimes when we could find no place to camp, he did not like to do it. One Sunday afternoon we stopped at a good camping place before sundown. There was considerable underbrush around and a good many quail. After we had pitched camp, father picked up his gun and started for game; then recalling that it was Sunday, he turned about and put his gun away.

On Friday, the first day of October, just one month after leaving Sumner County, Tennessee, we arrived at the home of my uncle, James Carruth, in Grayson County. I was much pleased with what I had seen of Texas. We remained in Grayson about four weeks and then moved into Collin County to a farm which Pa had bought. It lay about five miles northwest of McKinney, the county site, which had then about 1500 inhabitants.

Our party consisted of my grandfather (about sixty), my father and mother (forty-three and thirty-five), J. H. Lackett, an old neighbor (he and I were later to soldier together), Ad Duncan, own cousin of my mother, who already lived here and who caused Pa to come, and eight children.

CHAPTER II

EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF TEXAS

Providence had really located the city of McKinney. In 1846 Collin McKinney had a law passed by the Texas legislature providing that counties should be thirty miles each way wherever suitable land could be had and that the county site should be as near the center as a good location would allow. In the case of Collin County, the two lines to determine the center crossed on the banks of East Fork Creek, three miles southeast of the present site; but that was overflow land and not at all suitable for a town. The commissioners thereupon called for two points, one three miles northwest from that center and the other three miles southeast from it. An election to decide between these two possible locations was held at Old Fort Buckner, about three miles west of the present site. On the day of the election, Wilson Creek was out of its banks, and, as there were no bridges, only a small number from the south side voted.

In 1858 McKinney was still a small village with an old wooden courthouse. Much of the county was yet in its natural state. Settlements were scattered and near neighbors were few. Houses were small log huts, as a rule, and the few small farms were fenced with rails and pickets. Thousands of cattle roamed over the

prairies, and wild hogs were plentiful in the timbers along the creeks. Quail, prairie chickens, wild turkeys, and deer might be seen daily. Wild cats, catamounts, and wolves were often visitors to our poultry yard. One day I saw a wild cat chase a hen up to within a few yards of the house. Just about twenty years later, a young man of the community could still write:

"We are living on the bank of a deep ravine where the prairie meets the woods. We have no fence around the house, which is a low, unpainted, box shanty, similar to all share-farming tenant houses of this time. The wolves are numerous, and often at night, when the weather is cold and the wolves are very hungry, they come up to the door. While mother is frying meat for supper, they gnarl and snap and gnaw on the corner of the kitchen. As hungry wolves are dangerous, father does not dare go out into the yard to chase them off. They gnaw on the wood and gnarl and snap at one another for several minutes. Then, from far down in the thick brush we hear the lonesome howl of other wolves, and as if by signal, those near the kitchen leave. At their going we feel much easier, though all the time the door has been safely barred against them."

Bears and panthers sometimes paid visits to the settlers. Diamond rattlesnakes and many other dangerous reptiles were numerous. But the timber land along the creeks was inhabited by thousands of squirrels, so that the meat supply was easy to obtain. A flintlock gun and a few bullets or shot and powder and a short walk from the house enabled the early citizen to return with all the meat needed.

The best squirrel hunter on Honey Creek was an old gentleman who never owned a gun. He knocked the squirrels out of the tallest trees with rocks. He would always select his ammunition before he went and place it in a little bag which he carried across his shoulder. One day he took an even eighteen rocks with him and was gone several hours. When he returned by a friend's "shanty," he had only seventeen squirrels. A loafer thereabouts mocked him, "Why, Uncle Nat, I thought you took eighteen rocks, and here you have only seventeen squirrels. How come?"

Uncle Nat looked crestfallen and beaten. He could only answer: "Wal, der ye see that pesky little gray critter thar? Ye woulden' b'leeve it, but I had ter throw two rocks before I brung 'em down; guess my eyesight's gittin' er little oncertain."

Bread was made from corn crushed between two millstones. Wheat was ground into flour in ox-mills. One took his wheat to the mill and returned with flour, shorts, and bran. Milk and butter were plentiful for those who would, and could, milk the long-horned cows and churn. Some people had good gardens during the wet season; they grew their own vegetables or did without. Clothing was plain, much of it being home-made from wool freshly sheared. Much of the cooking was done in a skillet, a very convenient utensil for campers. The open skillet was used as a frying pan for venison and other meats, and a lid made the skillet suitable for baking. For years Pilot Grove was known as *Lick Skillet*.

Water was an absolute necessity. The pioneer always dug his well in front of his house, or in front

of where he intended to build, so that other persons seeking a home or passing through the country might have ready access to it for their families and teams. They were welcome to draw water even when the owner was not at home.

Much hard labor was necessary to provide shelter. Trees were felled and cut or sawed into logs for the building. Logs were scored and scalped or hewed. Blocks were split into boards for the roof. Floors, if there were any, were of slabs, smoothed on one side.

No sooner was the family under shelter than the work of opening up the farm began. The ground in its wild state was covered with grass, weeds, briars, and timber. Brush and briar patches were cut and burned. The prairie was then broken by oxen, four to ten of them, hitched to a large plow with a cutter in front to crack the surface. Some plows had an axle and a wheel on the land slide; others were held in place by handles. The soil was turned bottom side up as smooth as if it had been laid that way by hand. Crops were cultivated with horses and mules, but the slow oxen did better with the plows.

The soil had to lie until the sod was dead and rotten before much crop could be raised. Sometimes melon seeds were dropped in the joints between the sod, and such melons as were raised I have never seen since. Some people would drop corn in these cracks and raise feed for stock.

Fences were made of rails or, when near timber, of brush. Barbed wire was then unknown. Sometimes osage hedges were planted, and soon made a fence—which later proved a nuisance.

Wheat and oats were harvested with a scythe or cradle. The grain was caught by the fingers and laid in a row for the binders. The only self-binder was the one described by the old darky. All you had to do, she said, was "jest to walk along behind and bind it yo'self."

To light up their dark houses, the early settlers used grease-lamps. Fires were kept burning the year round, usually in the fireplace. Should the fire go out, the settler might have to walk several miles to get a chunk of burning wood to start another. Grease-lamps were succeeded by moulded tallow candles, which were in turn replaced by oil lamps.

Sleeping equipment consisted of rude bedsteads, with raw-hide strips or cords of rope serving for both slats and springs. Table-ware was either tin plates and cups or plain stone-ware. Knives and forks were steel or iron, and spoons iron or pewter. They were kept on corner shelves in the kitchen, which also served for a dining-room and sometimes for a bedroom.

Ox teams—from two yokes of oxen to six or eight—were used as a means of hauling lumber to build. These two-oxen teams, or yokes, were placed one in front of another and hitched to a long heavy chain fastened to the wagon axle or some other part of the wagon. The bows around the necks of the brutes and the yokes coupling them together and to the chain were made of strong wood, usually hickory. The team next to the wagon was called the "wheel team," the one in front, the "lead team," and the ones between were known as "swing teams." Since they might strip the tongue out of the wagon, it was dangerous to fasten very many directly to the tongue.

These wagons had wooden spindles and were "greased" with tar. The tar bucket was kept trailing from the rear end of the coupling pole. In cold weather, the tar on the spindles would freeze, and frequently hot water had to be poured over the hub before the wheels would turn. The screaking of these wagons could be heard for a mile or more. Sometimes in cold weather, especially if the ground had been soft the night before, the wheels would freeze so tight to the ground that they would be pulled down before they would roll. The experienced driver always carried a hammer and shook his wheels loose before starting his team.

A favorite prank on an icy morning was to get some tenderfoot interested in the feel of cold steel. He would be persuaded to stick his tongue against the tires in order to get a real thrill. He would jerk his head away almost at once—except of course that part of his tongue which stuck. Perhaps the lesson was worth the pain. I have known one or two who, I thought, profited by the experience.

The teamster or ox-driver carried a whip platted from four to eight strands of raw-hide. When nicely platted, it was practically round and from ten to fifteen feet long. This whip was then fastened to a handle of varying length. Sometimes it was as much as six feet long, though the more expert the driver, the shorter his stock. Some could control their whip and crack it over the heads even of their front oxen by means of a twelve- to fifteen-inch handle—and that with one hand, too. "Crack your whip" was the signal for all teamsters to start on the move. At times there were four to twelve wagons, with four to eight yoke to each wagon,

going to the same place and loaded with the same kind of cargo—lumber, salt, flour, or, sometimes, buffalo hides.

Captain Milt Board has given me some interesting details especially concerning conditions in the community some ten years before I came. Out of his fund of Texas lore, he says,

"When I came to Texas in 1846, all transportation was by ox-wagon. There were mere trails—no regular roads. All goods were brought from Houston, Shreveport, and Jefferson to McKinney. I was Postmaster when Sawyers put in the stage-coach line. This line extended from Memphis, Tennessee, to Clarksville, Texas; thence to Bonham, McKinney, and on to Austin. Sawyers drove from four to six horses to his stage coaches, and changed them often, so that he could make good time. He carried both passengers and mail, and, at times, shipments of merchandise and money.

"Texas was thought of then as a place of refuge for people who had done something bad back in the old States. And many rough and desperate characters did come here at first. A common question was, 'What did you have to come here for?' I remember when I came to Texas, Colonel Bill Fitzhugh, a prominent Texan, called me the high-heeled Kentuckian. He said that he needed me to help tramp down the tall grass. There was plenty of tall grass all right. There were no fields, no fences or hedges, no laid-off farms—all was in the rough, just as God created it. I remember the geographies of that time stated that Texas was remarkable for nothing except its vast prairies, wild horses, deer, and buffalo.

"There were no churches in McKinney at that time, and but one little schoolhouse. The average merchant had a small general store, with a barrel of whisky, some groceries, a few notions, and dry goods.

"The families who came later were fine people, and thoroughly honest. I ran a small general store at McKinney and sold to immigrants whom I had never seen before. The man would drive up in front of my store in his covered wagon, in which he had his wife and usually several children together with all his earthly belongings, and say to me, 'We have pulled through from the old States and are needing supplies.' I would ask him where he was from and where he was going to settle. I would then sell him, without question, all he had to have. Later, when he had made and sold his first crop, he would come in and pay me. I never lost an account on such families.

"Of course, they lived plain in those days. They had no cooking stoves, but cooked in the fireplace on a crane. They had no coffee-mills, and had to beat their coffee after parching or roasting it over the fire. They raised what meat they did not kill wild. When the people of that day went hunting, they loaded for nothing but big game, such as deer and bear; that is, the gun was loaded with a double load and waxed with beeswax. Whenever they had to camp, they would kill a deer and eat it as needed."

Though far apart, neighbors frequently sought the companionship of their fellows. Feelings of common danger and similar interests drew them together. They visited each other on foot, or if they had a horse, they

rode. Many rode a wagon or even a sled drawn by oxen.

As the country settled up, people began to make provision for the education of their children. These pioneers usually raised large families, and a small settlement could support a subscription school for six months. The tuition was from a dollar to a dollar and a half a month. If the teacher could make as much as thirty dollars a month, he was ready to teach the school. Lodging and board would cost him about six dollars. Some teachers boarded free by going home with their pupils. The children would beg their teachers to go home with them; they felt that it was a great honor.

These settlers were religious, and met in their homes or in the one-room schoolhouses for the preaching service. The preacher was, as a rule, either a school teacher or a farmer; he had no salary. In the school-rooms, the worshippers had to sit on split log seats with no backs and listen for an hour and a half. If it were night, there was only the dim light of candles to see by. In those days, the preacher would announce preaching for early candle light; and that meant as soon as it was dark.

The preacher's circuit carried him many miles to meet his monthly appointments. On Saturday he would saddle up, lay his saddle-pockets across the saddle, and mount his pony for the trip. Sometimes this pony was Spanish and lacking in missionary zeal, and would proceed to spread the Gospel at home. If the preacher had been long in Texas, he had learned his pony's

tricks and was prepared to stay on top and put the spurs to him.

Many of the early settlers worshipped God with deep sincerity. One could hardly live close to nature and not see the evidence of his Creator, hear God in the wind. These men and women often slept on the ground, and as they gazed into the sky with its worlds of stars, to them the heavens declared the glory of God and the firmament showed His handiwork.

Among the early settlers were three classes: those who were religious in their old homes and brought their religion with them into the new country; those who seemed religious in the Old States for fear they might lose their religion in the forest or on the lone prairie; and those who were religious only when fearing death. When an Indian raid was reported, these last felt the need of prayer. Sometimes wild beasts or reptiles caused them to call upon God for help and protection.

The love of God and fear of devil rather than fear of death should influence men to be religious. I heard a story which illustrates the "religion" of fear. An old settler and his three sons were noted among the early settlers for their irreligious lives. John was bitten by a rattlesnake and thought his end was near. Though he had never had much use for the old minister of the colony, he respected him and sent in haste for him. When the good man arrived, the sinner seemed penitent and requested that the preacher pray for him. The old minister, the three sons, and the father all kneeled. The minister said, "O Lord, I thank thee that a rattlesnake has brought John to repentance. Now, Lord, please send one to bite Tim and Jim.

Then, Lord, send a big one to bite the old man that they may all repent, for them snakes have more power to cause repentance than the Gospel."

In the first class were men and women who worshipped God according to their knowledge and ability. They met to sing and pray and to hear the message of God in their cabins, or under the shade of the trees. Most of these worshippers had Bibles at home, but as a rule the preacher had the only Bible and the only hymn book in the audience. The minister had a limited education, but he knew much of what the Bible said and read it to his auditors and exhorted them to follow Christ. Supporting himself by labor, he was simply a man among men. As they did not have hymn books, the people had to sing by memory. The preacher would open his little pocket hymn book and announce certain hymns. He would give the meter, or measure. The old settlers knew little of notation in music, but knew what common meter and other measures are.

After the preacher had announced his hymn's number and the meter in which it was written, he would read two lines at a time. The leader would pitch the tune without even a tuning-fork and the people would fall in and sing, two lines at a time. As they depended on the preacher for the words, he had to be careful not to become rhythmical in his announcements. Once an old preacher announced his hymn number and the meter and was on the point of reading the first and second lines when he paused to wipe his "specs." He said to his people, "Brethren, my eyes are very dim; I scarcely can see to read the hymn." The leader sailed into it and others followed and sang those lines.

The old brother said to them: "I did not mean to read the hymn; I only said my eyes are dim." When they had sung these two lines, he explained in prose.

Pioneer conditions also left a definite place for the doctor—he was never called a physician. He adapted himself to the needs and habits of his people. As they were poor, his fees were small, if anything. The majority of doctors located on farms and did the bulk of the practice in their communities. The equipment of the early doctor consisted of a good horse, a bridle and saddle, a pair of "pill-bags," and a rain-coat or umbrella. He responded to calls at all hours, day or night. It mattered not what kind of weather it was: he got out of his warm bed or left his fire and rode ten miles, perhaps to save a life. In general, diseases were not fashionable, and no one admitted sickness requiring a doctor unless it became absolutely necessary.

Frequently home doctoring was resorted to for minor ailments. The medicine shelf, including at least castor oil, turpentine, and whisky, was essential. In addition there was generally an old woman in the community, a kind of Lady Bountiful, who had had lots of experience with ills and remedies for them. Old Mrs. Fuller had her boys use various cures and recommended them to a friend of mine. She told him to go into the cotton field and find nine stink-bugs and swallow them one after another as a sure cure for cramp colic. Try as he could, he never could get them down, although he had seen her boys do the trick. Another of her famous remedies was for sore lips and nose. It was called "May-butter," because it was butter churned in May

and kept thereafter in a hot place. Its curative powers lay largely in its being rancid.

* * *

We had no unfortunate experiences with Indians during our trip from Tennessee or during our stay in Collin County, but they were making frequent raids into Texas at this time. One man, Christian Stelzer, was killed by an Indian in Collin County a year or two later. I served during the War with his son, Abi Stelzer, who became a good friend of mine. The elder Stelzer had been in Texas for some time, and must have spent a lonely time here. He was buried in a prairie grave.

[A mile and a half, perhaps two miles, east of Celina, in Collin County, Texas, in the middle of a cultivated field is a grave. As one passes along the pike to the south of the field, he sees a tumble-down fence within which a lone evergreen stands watch. The gravestone still remains, blackened by years of exposure to the winds and rains and snows of the Texas prairie. With care these words can be traced out on the rough stone:

CHRISTIAN STELZER

BORN MARCH THE FIRST
1815

DIED APRIL THE SECOND
1861

Even yet as one reads the simple inscription the plowed ground suddenly becomes covered with russet

grass, waving in a fresh wind that wails and whistles across a fenceless prairie. All houses disappear from the landscape, and there is the distant roar of the herd as thousands of cattle stampede out upon the open plains. One understands why the cowboys sang:

> O, bury me not on the lone prai-rié,
> Where the wild coyote will howl over me.
>
> —THE EDITORS]

As we could not get possession of the house until the following Christmas, we lived with a small family until then. We now had what seemed likely to be a pleasant home, and soon made preparations for farming. We put in a crop of corn, wheat, and oats, with the necessary garden vegetables. The season was very dry, the long drought cutting the corn crop short, but wheat and oats did very well. After making two crops, I went to school to J. H. Henry for three months. The next year I finished the farming season in time to study under W. M. Barton for five months, and during the winter of '61, I got in three months' schooling with A. L. Barwell. By this time, war had broken out between the North and the South, and I quit my school and again went to farming.

CHAPTER III

OTHER IMMIGRANTS

About the time that we arrived in Texas, a number of other families were coming in for one reason or another. Many of them were slave-owners, who thought they would be able to keep their slaves longer here than elsewhere. People were arriving especially from the territory north of Texas, where the slave-owners had the greatest doubt about being allowed to keep their property. On their arrival, however, they found the negroes more of a burden than a benefit. There was plenty of land, but it had to be cleared off and adapted to cultivation. After the War started, too, there was no market for the cotton, and many of the negroes were hired out for their keep.

Several years before we got here, Mr. R. L. Waddill came to Collin County from Kentucky. We knew and respected him as a lawyer and as district judge. Some letters which belong to his family show a great deal about early conditions of the West.

[Miss Fanny Waddill of McKinney, the daughter of Judge Waddill, was the belle of this section in earlier days. The old charm and delight are still hers. She has told us something about her father and herself:

"Lawyers in those days certainly had a hard time.

Father was district judge and had eleven counties around Collin County in his district. He had to go from one to another to hold court, always riding horseback. He and his fellow lawyers would make up a group not unlike a band of pilgrims. Their horses would be packed with food, clothing, camping utensils, and law books. Frequently they were forced to ford streams swollen by spring or winter rains, and would be wringing wet when they reached the bank. I have no doubt but that my father's early death may be attributed to exposure.

"Father was a very religious man, and was often solicited to preach. He took a great deal of interest in Robert Horn's deciding to be a preacher and going to Kentucky University. At the time of his death, he belonged to the same church as Elder Horn.

"He always took an interest in education, because he thought it a good thing and because he had four boys and one girl to educate. I taught a private school —I built the school-room right here on our own lot and taught for ten years. I had to teach subjects all the way from A B C's to the higher Mathematics. I recall that we had a little history of Texas which was nothing but a series of dates and long Spanish and Mexican names. Of course it was worthless, but what else could we teach? I had one pupil, a little lady about sixteen years old, who learned that history by heart. I often think it would have been much better if I had advised her to expend her efforts on something better.

"In the early days, there were no shows except the circus, which came once a year. Its coming was a great

event in our lives. You can imagine with what excitement we stared at the elephant and the fat woman, whom they claimed to be only a little less than the elephant. The circus is about the only thing that has not changed, and I still enjoy seeing one. I still like the coloring and the trappings and the beautiful horses, and the cry, 'Follow the street-parade to the showground.' I guess in that degree I am still a little girl.

"O, yes, there was the County Fair, which was held just east of town. Everybody went. We had a special McKinney Day. There we enjoyed such events as the fat men's race, pitching horseshoes, hog-calling contests, baby shows; and of course we had dinner on the grounds. People came to the Fair who had not been to town for months. Mothers with eight or ten children would come and stay all day. I still wonder how they could hold out so long with so many children tugging at them. But that was their only diversion—hence a necessity.

"I remember when I was fifteen I wore my first long dress to the Fair. A young man invited me to get out of the carriage and walk around with him. I refused. Mother, seeing that he seemed puzzled, explained, much to my embarrassment, that I was wearing my first long dress. 'Oh!' he said, 'Miss Fanny, I don't mind that. We like long pants in Virginia.'

"My mother went once to Springfield, Illinois, by stage-coach from Kentucky. She was several days on the road—that was when she was a young widow. Stephen A. Douglas was also on the stage, and helped her with her baby all the way over. They went to Springfield to attend a ball given in honor of ma by

the wife of the Governor of Illinois. Abraham Lincoln was there, and so was Mary Todd, the future Mrs. Lincoln. Mother said that she heard Mary Todd say repeatedly that she believed that Lincoln would be President some day, and that she intended to marry him. Mother said that Mary's sister asked her, 'Mary, why don't you set your cap for Douglas? He will be United States Senator some day.' 'Perhaps so,' answered Mary, 'but Lincoln will be President.'

"I had four full brothers, all of whom were born in Kentucky. I was born in Texas. My brothers said I was the only 'Longhorn' in the family. I belonged, however, to a missionary society which gave something toward missions in Kentucky, and I replied that I sent fifteen cents a year towards civilizing the Kentuckians."

—THE EDITORS]

The first letters are from Kentucky to George S. Morris, whose mother, a widow, had married R. L. Waddill. The young man was studying at Harvard University. The first is from an uncle.

Homewood, July 17, 1852.

Dear George—

You are doubtless anxious to hear from Home, and as I now have a moment's respite from nursing, I devote it to a short epistle. In the first place, Mr. Waddill died last week. Your Ma and the children are all well except Lawrence, who is a little indisposed. Your Ma is here at the moment.

I have had an exceedingly sick family for the ten days past. We have had the Cholera. Every member of my

family except your Aunt, myself, and girl Martha have had it—none severely except Edward, Cynthia, and Leman, who, poor thing, died from its effects. She had a very violent attack of which I relieved her, but Typhus fever ensued and took her off. The town has suffered very much. I suppose since you left there have been fifty deaths in town in our immediate vicinity, principally among the negroes. * * *

Yours truly,

CHARLEY.

Hopkinsville, July 22nd, '52.

Dear George—

I arrived at home on the 20th instant. The Cholera has nearly all left the town as far as I can learn. The Judge and several members of his family had the premonitory symptoms but they have been controlled by medicine. Dr. Glap has lost his cook and all of his negro children but the young girl, and gave that to J. B. Sony to raise, to own for the raising. Lang's negro man had Glap's woman for a wife; Lang permitted his man to go and attend his wife, and the man and wife both died. * * *

Dick Bradley and others have run off from home to the Springs; Dick had the Cholera but recovered. There was a perfect stampede when the deaths became frequent. I suspect the Cholera will walk into them when they get back for their cowardice and cruelty in deserting the sick. * * *

Your father,

R. L. WADDILL.

Joe asked if there was any Cholera in Boston and said he was afraid it would kill Brother George. Your Ma and the boys send their love.

Dick Gamete is in jail for stealing money! !

You must write often. Your Ma says you must write to some one so that we can hear from you every week.

* * *

Hopkinsville, Ky.,
August 11th, 1852.

Dear George—

I am greatly indebted to you for your letter.—Your Ma wrote you about the illness of my father. He died on the 1st August of Cholera Morbus. He was prostrated immediately by the disease, and when I first saw him was scarcely able to speak. He remained insensible and speechless two days before he died. You know that your visits to him had greatly endeared you to him. The last intelligible inquiry he made of me was in relation to your health. He was the best of men and the kindest of parents.

I read to Joe and Ben what you said about them in your letter and you have no idea how it pleased them. They both declared that they intended to write to you, and I suppose that I shall have to hold their hands and make them write. Bobby is much better than he was; in fact, he is getting fat again. He is the worst child I ever have seen. I believe that he would fight back until you whipped all the skin off his back. We have abandoned the whipping policy with him and do much better by means of persuasion. He shuts his eyes as contemptuously as ever and bids defiance to creation. I think I shall have to send him to West Point and make a Warrior of him.

You and Western have excited high expectations by your going to Cambridge. Your friends think that if you remain four years you will both make great men. Others predict that you will be apt to do worse than if you had gone to Kentucky College.

Tell Western that I sent his letter to his father. His father and family are well. He had seven cases of Cholera in his family, but all recovered. Tell him I will write to him shortly. I love you both for writing to me. I send you his Rifle. Give my love to Western. Believe me

Yours ever,

R. L. WADDILL.

* * *

Hopkinsville, Sept., 21st, 1852.

Dear George—

Why have you not written since the examinations? Western has written that he has entered the class to which he expected to enter, and said nothing about you. Please write immediately and let us know all about the examination. I am glad that Western is satisfied. His father is anxious for him to remain the four years and get the best education he can obtain at Cambridge. The Judge wishes you by all means to remain four years. * * *

Perhaps you would be more decidedly interested now to hear from Miss Georgiana McAfin. Her negro man told one of the servants here that Dr. Ratcliffe and Miss Georgiana were to be married very soon. I do not wish to misinform you but give this as an article of negro news. I suppose like old Niobe you will never cease weeping. Tell Bill Western I shall write to him as soon as I can see the Cashuss daughters. Why did not you keep up a regular correspondence with your Dulcinea like Western? Then she would not have deserted you. Love letters feed the flame of love very well during absence. Please ask Western what he thinks on this subject. Tell him also that I fear his affections for his intended will prevent him from remaining four years at Cambridge.

I write this in a very great hurry. You will probably write before this reaches you; then sit down and write

another by way of improvement in Composition, and oblige.

Yours ever,
R. L. WADDILL.

* * *

Liberty Hill,
Nov. 13, 1852.

Dear Brother George—

I will write you the news of the family as well as I can— I will not do you as you do me. I think that you might answer my letter.

I went down to the election, and Berry and Will went also. General Scott's flag blew down the night before the election and the Locos laughed about it. The Democrats illuminated their houses last night.

The negroes that used to belong to Pretty Grand-pa have been divided. Father has Maria, Til, and Conk; Uncle Walter has Granville, Edith, and Olivay; Mr. A. Otway has Abe and George and Lew; Mr. Waller has Orange, Silas, and Myra; Mrs. Tyler has Henry, Stella, and Rose. Old Uncle Robin boards at Uncle Walter's. The land has not been sold. Maria is hired to Mr. Wilson until Christmas; Til is hired to Capt. Campbell; and Olivay is coming home for a nurse. Our little Henry is hired out to the jailor, Mr. Clem. Gabe is hired to Dr. Clep, and Edith to Mr. Fisher.

Mr. Wilson, that used to be Overseer for Grand-pa, drove the wagon of Mr. Broomfield's and hauled Father's plank for a new porch. He stayed all night and tied his horses out in the pasture at night. The next morning about daylight one of his blind horses fell in the well and got killed.

On the 31st of October, after Ben and I had gone to sleep, Father took us up and carried us back to the parlor. We slept there all night and Father brought us back into Ma's room before we waked up. When we waked up, Mr.

Mills was here. He came while we were asleep in the parlor, and he brought Ma the nicest little brother you ever saw. Father paid five dollars for him, and he is the cheapest property that ever was bought. Ma named him Gaston Mears, after one of her old beaus. Grand-ma is better, though she is very feeble. All the rest are well.

Uncle Charles talks of going to Cleveland to attend the musical lectures. Uncle Walter talks of going to Texas next Christmas. We have a very nice new clock. If you do not write to me when you get this, I will not write any more. All is well at home now. Tell Mr. Western that his father is well.

Your brother,
JOSEPH W. WADDILL.

* * *

The family moved to Texas in 1853. Two of the letters which I have were written before the War began. The second shows the ground clearing for combat.

McKinney, Nov. 3rd, 1856.

Dear George—

I wrote to you a few weeks since. All are well now. I was at Sherman Court last week. Mills, Summers, and your Daddy Dilla Bunty were in attendance. The old Judge was very polite to me. He is much of a gentleman, though he has not the force of character that Mills has.

While I was at Sherman, I was invited to dine at John D. Black's. At the time that he invited me, he stated that Major Ball and his family were at his house and that they wanted to form my acquaintance. Thinks I to myself, That's on George's account. Sure enough, when I walked into the parlor I saw your "Jewel." She is about as pretty as I am.

McCleary of Dallas was talking to her. I told him that you wrote tickets for him last winter and that he was regarding your kindness poorly by attempting to rob you of your "jewel." The gal looked modest and McCleary swore he was operating for you and requested to be remembered to you, etc., etc. * * *

Your old flame Rebecca has a daughter. I do not know its name—probably Georgeana ever dear!!! We have quite a Norther blowing now; I am sitting by the cooking stove and writing on my knee. You will have to pardon the bad writing. Lawrence says you must make South and come home. Gus says, "Tell him I said my Sunday School lesson and nobody laughed at me." Joe and Ben are leaving at dawn. Many very genteel families have settled in this county with a great many slaves.

Both Martha's twins have died. All others are well. I am interrupted by a company of business men. Write often and believe me ever

Yours truly,
R. L. WADDILL.

* * *

McKinney, Nov. 11, 1857

My Dear George—

I hope that you are all safely landed at Hopkinsville. I have felt great uneasiness about your safe arrival. * * *

Many immigrants are coming in from Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, etc. The fear that Kansas is to be a free state drives Slavery Men to Texas. Missouri is alarmed at being surrounded by free states, and the slave owners are coming to Texas. The class of immigrants is much better than heretofore. The pecuniary pressure in the old and new states prevents them from bringing much money with them.

Mr. Rector of this county is a Kentuckian of fine property—one of the wealthiest men in this county. A brick

mason by trade, he informs me that he intends building him a house of the newly invented "concrete cement." Mr. C. N. Raymond of Austin, Texas, has succeeded in manufacturing brick after a new and cheap plan. He has erected the walls of a building of this new composition, and they appear substantial. They are very durable and stand exposure to the weather. The process of making them requires no fire. Raymond has made thirty-five thousand, which are in the wall of his building. There is no loss in handling them. Brick in Austin sell for $10 to $12 per thousand. Raymond's cost only $3.

Rector says he will build him a house. If he succeeds, I think I shall build also of the same sort of material. * * * Take care of our family. That's all from me.

Yours ever,

R. L. Waddill.

* * *

There are additional letters during the War and after, but I shall insert them in their proper places. In the army we had to rely largely upon letters to know what was going on back home.

CHAPTER IV

WAR

In the fall of 1861 the militia was organized and I was required to drill each Saturday with the other young men of the community. Facing army life was a sober matter, so that in April, 1862, I obeyed the teaching of the Gospel and was immersed by Elder J. S. Muse of McKinney. On the fifth of July following, I was sworn into the service of the Government of the Confederate States of America, and soon after went into camps at Shirley Springs, ten miles north of McKinney.

Martin's regiment, to which I belonged, was the Fifth Texas Porters and Rangers, so called because the regiment could divide into parts and go forth in pursuit of bands of the enemy. It was made up, as a rule, of young-like men and boys who had just reached eighteen years of age. Thomas B. Estes, brother of Ben Estes of McKinney, was chosen Adjutant.

The greatest enemies that we had to contend with at Shirley Springs were ticks and copperhead snakes. The former wounded nearly every soldier in the camp, while one of the last-mentioned stuck its fangs into one Jack Leeper's fingers.

The boys seemed restless for a scrap of some kind, and Jack (M.S.) Ashlick would sometimes crawl out

of his tent in the morning and flap his wings and crow as a banter to some fighting cock for a pitched battle. His challenge was soon accepted, and a battle royal fought. It would be hard to say who won.

While in camp here I was detailed to kill a beef for my company. I had a muzzle-loading squirrel rifle carrying a number-one buckshot. I had brought many squirrels from a high perch with it and felt sure that the big steer would soon drop. But just as I pulled the trigger, the brute raised his head and the bullet went too low. The steer snorted and ran away. A number of the boys went in chase of him, thinking of a nice steak and roast. Though he was finally felled, he fought bravely. Before he was killed, he had disembowelled a fine mare of Uncle Jim Wetsel's and had scared several men.

We remained at Shirley Springs until fall. Then we were ordered to the Indian Territory. We were in camp near Colbert on Big Blue Creek for a while and then went to Fort Washita, Choctak Nation. During this time the boys were being drilled.

While here, George Morris, who was also a member of Martin's Regiment, received a letter from home.

Liberty Hill, Sept. 27, 1862.

Dear George—

Mr. Darnall has gone over to the Muses to bid Jane adieu and will start for camp in the morning. Mr. Darnall can give you a description of Miss Sally L. Carruth. She is the prettiest girl in Texas that I have seen. She told me that she had written to you. She is the most admired of all the Ladies in this region. I want you to come and see her!! I shall write to Col. Martin requesting that you may come.

Dickson has quite a large school. The boys of our family are doing well. I have just returned from Robt. Knap's. The Indians are killing and scalping in all those western counties. I have not been able to procure a horse for you that is suitable.

Please make every effort to come that you may have your clothes cut to fit you. Your Ma bought the gray cloth costing twenty-five dollars per yard. Never mind the tough garb of the soldier. Sallie has too much hard sense not to look at the body instead of the bark of the tree!! Whatever clothing you do not want send home by the wagon for the servants. When you come, your Ma says you must wear your gray coat. All are well and join in love to you. I think that Darnall will give up that Sallie surpasses Jane and all others in this vicinity.

With love,
R. L. Waddill.

A month later we were ordered near Fort Smith, Arkansas, where we remained until after Christmas. During Christmas I was sent on a picket about forty miles away. Once I went with a small scout under Lieutenant Fred Quarles some fifteen miles from the main stand. We intended to catch a few scattered Pins, as we called those Indians who sided with the North, and to get some supplies. A good distance from our camp we found an Indian hut or two and got some corn. I had also captured a fat hen and tied her to my saddle. Of course she was a Pin hen. By the time each of the boys had tied a sack of corn to his saddle, we were warned by the sound of axes in the timber near by.

The Lieutenant led his men down by a little field in a valley and up on a ridge, and was trying to locate the

enemy when four of us saw some ponies grazing in the field. Nath Looney, J. S. Carruth, and Jerry W. George caught the three ponies and tied them to the tails of their horses. One pony had on a good bell, which they gave to me. I fastened it to my saddle, along with the hen.

About this time we heard a shot and began to look around for our men, who had disappeared from view. They had discovered a squad of Indians in the brush and had retired to the opposite side of the valley from where we left them. Knowing that I was missing, one of our men called out, "Here we are, Bob!" Then one of the Indians repeated, "Here we are, Bob." The Pins were now where we had last seen our men, who had fallen back near the cabins. As we were uncertain which were friend and which were foe, we halted on the ridge to decide what was best to do. Just then an Indian came out of the brush and dared us to shoot. Looney was about to pull down on him when I called out, "Boys, do not waste your loads at that distance, for they will charge us when we once shoot before we can reload."

Several of the Indians came out of the brush and began to advance. The boys cut the ropes which fastened the ponies and we put spurs to our steeds, and over the rocks and down the bluffs we went. The Indians followed the route of the Lieutenant's party, with a view, as we supposed, of cutting us off from them.

When we had gone for a few miles, we came to the road leading to Fort Scott, which ran at right angles from our course. We halted for a few minutes in a

parley as to which end led to our camps. Looney and my uncle, J. C. Carruth, said, "Go to the left," while George and I said, "Go to the right." I finally said, "I am going to camp," and took to the right. The others followed. After we had gone a mile or two, we struck our trail going up, and at ten o'clock at night we came to camps. A party had just been formed, of which T. J. Cloyd was one, to search for us. That night the enemy camped in two miles of us.

As for the hen and the bell, I came into camp with both fastened to my saddle. Our mess had a regular hen feast about midnight. The bell I sold to Joe E. Foster for two dollars. He wanted it to put on his horse when he turned him out to graze. When we were called at night to saddle up, we had to find our horses, and Joe was determined to make his job as easy as possible.

We never knew how many Pins were in the brush. We might have been in the majority and have been able to capture them, but the Lieutenant seemed to think a trap had been set for us, and remembering that

> He that fights and runs away
> May live to fight some other day

moved on toward camps with his ten men and left us four to shift for ourselves.

The next morning we received news of Hindman's release from Fort Smith, and were commanded to rejoin the main army. Our orders called for a forced march to camps. Besides swimming the Arkansas River, we traveled about seventy miles that day and

night. I remember a poor sick man who traveled all day but at night gave out and in a few days died.

The rest of the winter and the spring of 1863 we spent at Boxchito in the Choctaw Nation. While in this camp, Orderly Sergeant Hence McAfee and R. J. M. Hickland died of disease. Thomas J. Cloyd was chosen as McAfee's successor. I fired my first salute over McAfee's grave. T. J. Cloyd made a chisel of a camp knife and cut the names and the date of death on the stones set up

For a while we fared well, as the beef was above the average and the mule-feet hogs were fat. We also had fish, as the waters of Gaines Creek teemed with many kinds. We could catch shovel-billed catfish weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds each. Here I learned to bait for fish with pork. When a hog was killed, it was skinned like a goat or a sheep. The skin was fat and there was some meat left on the flesh side. This hide was put in the creek at a good place and tied to a stob so that the fish could not carry it away. After that had eaten all but the hair and the tough part, the hide was removed, and in two or three days they would be so hungry that they would seize the bait, hook and all, and could be soon landed on the shore.

At night wolves made sleep difficult by their continual howling. Sleep, food, clothes, those were the things we thought much about, and were frequently in great need of. Our soldiers were poorly equipped for the War. I had the little muzzle-loading rifle which I had used on squirrels at home. A few had double-barrel shotguns and some had muskets and Sharps rifles. It was near the end of the War before we re-

ceived arms from the Government. A soldier without armor is of as little use in war as a church member without the armor of God. Neither can do much for the cause he espouses. While the fighting was not so severe nor the mortality so great west of the Mississippi as east, we had no playground. Poorly armed, poorly fed and clothed—it was a time of hardship to man and beast. To go on a scout with rations for four days and be gone sixteen days was trying on our appetites. We had to eat wild fruit, such as blackberries and haws, without bread. If we killed game, we had no way to cook it unless we hung it before a fire and then ate it without bread or salt.

Our officers in Company K were agreeable. Captain Haynes was good natured and jovial and acted as one of the boys. His men all liked him. When the War was over and peace again came to the United States, Dave Haynes became a Christian and entered the mercantile business at Weatherford, Texas. First Lieutenant Fred Quarles was a nice gentleman, but more reserved than the Captain. In fact, he was somewhat dignified in manner. I have lost all trace of him. Second Lieutenant Newton C. Harris was a good companion of the boys, and popular. He returned to McKinney and entered the mercantile business with Cope White. Third Lieutenant Thad Rudolph was very much liked, owing to his jolly nature. He was as full of fun as an egg is of meat. He was a large man and bade fair to live to a ripe old age, but he died a few years after the War closed.

Late in the winter of 1863 provisions became very scarce on "Snow Hill," as we called our camp site. We

almost starved. Horses and mules became very poor, and a great many of them died of cold and hunger. As the soldiers owned their mounts, it was very bad to have them die. At times our tents were almost hidden with snow, but inside we were fairly comfortable.

While here in camp with a heavy snow on, I received a permit to ride across the South Canadian to an Indian settlement to see if I could find some corn to keep my fine horse alive. We crossed over and found several cabins in the valley. Along the river were small farms run by Indians who were friendly to the South. I learned from a negro who had a small farm that one of his neighbors, a full-blood Indian, had some corn. He offered to go with me and do the talking.

We purchased a sack of shelled corn and I came home with my African friend and lodged over night. I found his wife a full-blood Indian; his mother, who lived with him, was a full-blood negro; his sister, who also was living with him, was a mulatto. The sister's husband was in our army; he was a full-blood Indian. There were two or three children in the family.

They had a cabin about fourteen by sixteen feet, with a good old-fashioned fireplace and good fires. In the back of the room stood two bedsteads, and under each, I think, a trundle-bed. In one corner of the room was a table large enough for two or three persons to eat from. The cooking was done in the fireplace with skillet and lid and frying pan and coffee-pot.

What they had was well cooked and tasted good to a soldier boy who had become very hungry. They had me to eat first alone. When I was through, the negro man and his son ate—then the three women and girls.

They gave me a good feather-bed on one of the bedsteads, and, I tell you, it was a treat.

As the snow had melted and it was raining, I had to spend two or three days before I could cross the river on my way back. When I was ready to go, the negro sold me a fat hen and some corn fodder. His charges were reasonable. He also went with me to the river to see me safe across.

With over one and a half bushels of corn, a bale of fodder, and a hen all on my poor horse, I mounted and was soon across the river and up the bank. But I had not gone far before my horse slipped and fell. All his efforts to get on his feet failed until I removed his load. When he was up, I repacked him and rode until I reached camps.

The next day an order came to send our horses to Texas to fatten for the spring campaign. As I had feed to last for some days, my horse came through and kept on his feet until he reached Honey Creek, within half a mile of my father's. Here he had to be lifted to his feet. When he reached home and was fed, he seemed all right, but at night he lay down, and next day all efforts to get him up failed. When night came, father fed him where he lay and spread an old piece of rag carpet over him, as it was cold. The next morning he was walking around in the lot with his rag carpet on. He soon got all right, and, when fat, was sold to Abe Rhine in McKinney for $500 in Confederate bills. Abe offered father $100 in gold or $500 in bills. We have many of them yet.

In the spring of 1863 we obtained fresh supplies and marched for the Creek Nation. I received my pony

from home. He was a great swimmer, and I often swam rivers on his back. One day I had swum him across Red River and gone back for the mare of my uncle, J. C. Carruth. Bob Bumpass, a brother of Captain John K. Bumpass, was directly ahead of me swimming a horse. In some way his horse struck him, and he was drowned almost within my arm's reach.

Speaking of swimming, I had more courage than caution, and did much swimming that could have been avoided. Fred Glass, of Farmersville, a boy named Hubert, of Sherman, and I were regimental swimmers. Fred Glass was drowned in Caddo Creek after the War. I have lost trace of Mr. Hubert. I am no longer in the swimming business.

On one occasion, while on a retreat after a skirmish, we came to the Verdegris River and found it bank full. We were on the bluff in line when Colonel W. M. Weaver called for some one to swim across to see if the horses could get out on the opposite side. After silence for some bit, I answered, "Colonel, I can swim it." The Colonel said, "Bob, do you think you can?" I replied in the affirmative, and he detailed two soldiers to go with me down the gap in the bluff and assist me. The river was about one hundred yards wide and running smoothly. I swam across and found the bottom boggy, and so swam back.

Then we went up the river a few miles to ferry, but found no boat. It was a good place to swim the horses, but, as many of the men could not swim, we tore down a log cabin which stood on the bank and made it into a raft to cross on. When loaded, it was about three feet under water and many of the men would not go

on it. Learning that there was a canoe on the other side, I and either Glass or Hubert swam over and brought it back. The first man we put across was my good friend, T. J. Cloyd, of McKinney, who had said that he would stay where he was and let the enemy get him before he would try the log raft. I guess Tom became better reconciled to water, as he became a Baptist.

All were finally across and the enemy had not put in their appearance. The same evening I swam two horses across the Arkansas River, which was low. I received ten dollars in Confederate bills for swimming one horse across the two rivers. I would not work so cheap now.

On one occasion we had a small squad camped in the neighborhood of an old mission, and I was on guard at night. It was bitter cold and we could have no fire, as we did not know how many Pins were near us. Those not on guard would roll up in blankets and try to get warm while others were on duty. Before we could get warm enough to sleep, however, we would be called to relieve the one on post. That night was a bitter experience, and made a boy used to a bed of "goose hair" and plenty of quilts wish he was at home.

On a trip already referred to when we were sixteen days on four days' rations, I was on guard one night during pleasant weather, but not very pleasant thoughts were passing through my mind. We were in the enemies' territory and were looking for an attack from ambush at any time. We would lie down with one ear to the ground to see if we could hear their march on horseback.

They did not attack us that night, but the next

morning they captured Corporal Jordan A. Finney while he was out after his mare. As they were riding through very thick brush with him on a horse, all at once he slipped off and darted into the undergrowth out of their sight. They were few and expected us to follow them, and were afraid to shoot. Finney lay in the brush until they disappeared. Then he captured a pony, and on the fourth day was with us safe and sound. We had missed him but did not know that he had been captured.

But to get on with the story, in the spring of 1863, with new supplies we set out for the Creek Nation. We had a little skirmish near Fort Gibson and frequently had picket fighting across the river. One day Corporal Finney had a little argument with the enemy when he tried to capture a train of men and wagons near Fort Gibson. After we had destroyed some wagons and captured some mules, the reenforced army came out, and we had to "skedaddle" to other parts. Finney was in the rear. Just as he reached the river, the Federals ordered him to halt. But there was no halting this corporal. He put spurs on his mare, and as the water was not deep, he reached the other side in safety. They shot at him several times as he ran.

During the summer we also fought at Cabin Creek, which was seventy-five miles above Fort Gibson.

We had letters at odd intervals from our homes and friends around McKinney. Judge Waddill was regarded as the prize letter writer among our acquaintances. These letters show of what the home folks were thinking during this summer of 1863.

Collin County, Texas, May 11, 1863.

Dear George—

Mr. Allen Berry starts for your camps in the morning as a substitute for Talkington. I am sending this letter by him.

The family have been unwell with colds. I am now scarcely able to sit up on account of Rheumatism in my back. The cold weather hurts me greatly. The school is flourishing. They have 68 students, and more arrive nearly every week. I think next session they will have around 100. * * * It is said that three young ladies will come up from Lancaster in Dallas County.

You and Darnall will have a chance for educated wives when you return. I have not seen your Dulcinea since your departure. The young ladies have but little fodder to term on until the young warriors return like Othello to tell their tales of narrow escapes. I am afraid Mormonism will increase if the war continues long. I am engaged mostly with divorce cases. Matrimonial Speculation is one of the leading lotteries of the day.

We have had a great many contradictory rumors of the Feds on our southern and eastern borders. I do hope the war will close and let you all return by September. It is the most unprofitable and useless war ever waged. The family except myself are well. I am in much pain and therefore write briefly. Write often and much.

Yours ever,

R. L. WADDILL.

* * *

Collin County, Texas, June 5, 1863.

Dear George—

We read yours and Darnall's letters yesterday. * * * I hope you will have reenforcements before you march into Missouri, if that is the place of your Summer Cam-

paign. Lee has been victorious at Richmond and Lincoln has called for five hundred thousand more men!!

I suppose during this month the fate of Vicksburg will be known. I am satisfied that neither Richmond nor Vicksburg will be taken.

The war will be protracted till Lincoln's time is out, and after that I look for peace. The dismemberment of a nation so identified in interest is a surgical operation difficult to perform, but it must now be done. We have suffered so much from the Yankees that I never wish to live in the same government with them.

The law works like a charm in bringing across the price of provisions. Wheat has no fixed price now—it can be bought for $2.50 per bushel. Our Congress deserves credit for the late tax bill. You have no conception of the unusual yield of Wheat, Barley, and Oats. Confederate money, not being paid out for these necessaries, is rapidly appreciating. Also, the tax in Confederate money draws from circulation a large amount and it will be in demand hereafter. Our people will very cheerfully pay the tax, as it brings everything back to reasonable prices. * * *

Yours truly,
R. L. WADDILL.

* * *

Greenville, Texas,
July 29th, 1863.

Dear George—

I have a chance to send you a letter by Captain Amut of Greenville. We have felt much uneasiness about the reported fight that you all have recently had in the Nation. Write as soon as possible that we may know the casualties. I heard that you had not lost many lives, but that baggage wagons were captured by the enemy.

What clothing will you need for winter? Let me know

forthwith. The loss of Vicksburg has elated the North much and I fear they will be enabled now to increase their army without conscription. If, however, Lee is successful in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania in May, he'll have the war terminated by the end of Lincoln's Administration. The enemy fought well at Vicksburg. It will not do for us to say the Yankees will not fight, when they for so many weeks walked right into the very jaws of death.

All were well at home two days ago. I shall be there in a few days. I send you the papers regularly.

Yours ever,

R. L. WADDILL.

* * *

Liberty Hill, Sept. 3, '63.

Dear George—

Your Ma sends you two white shirts and overshirt, pair of gray pants and pair shoes by George White. I fear you all will have to retreat again before winter unless you are better furnished than heretofore. We hear that the enemy and General Price are fighting at Little Rock.

Texas has called for three-fourths of the militia, and we are organizing the remaining one-fourth and the exempts into Company for defense at home. The great difficulty is the wintering.

Mr. Dix is now here. His sister and the boys will be up Saturday. The movement of invasion is operating against the school. Joe and Ben will soon have to go to the army. Joe will be seventeen in November, and I am anxious that they now get what knowledge of Books that they can before they get into the army. I wish you would write to them and urge them to study while they have an opportunity.

Miss Jane Muse and Alfred Graves's daughters are now here and Dickson is talking to them. I think he is overcropped. I wish you and Darnall were here to divide the

pleasant duty. I shall start to Wise County this week. The family are all well and join in love.

Yours ever,

R. L. WADDILL.

In the fall of 1863 we were defeated at Honey Springs, after which we fell back and my regiment was sent to Texas to gather deserters. Captain D. C. Haynes's company, to which I belonged, was sent to eastern Texas, so that we were away from home during the winter. Gathering deserters was very unpleasant work. I often had my tender cords touched by the tears and screams of wives and children. It seemed cruel to make a person do what he did not desire to take part in.

I am told that one man named Snider succeeded in keeping out of battle. Snider liked to hunt squirrels better than anything else in the world, but he did not want to go to the War. He avoided the "rebels" as long as he could, but one day they caught him off guard and took him along. He left his long-barreled squirrel rifle at home with his son, Zeak, and reluctantly marched off to fight the "Blue Coats." When he had been in the army three days, he went blind—blind as a bat! He swore that he could not see a fine comb that a commanding officer held within an inch of his eyes. After several such tests, he was dismissed and sent home.

He got home late Friday night; early Saturday morning he was out in the woods shooting squirrels out of the highest trees on Hickory Creek.

Early in 1864 I made a trip to Houston, Texas, with

a party sent to guard prisoners. While there I had the measles. We returned by home and rejoined our command in the Indian Nation soon after the battle of Poison Springs, Arkansas.

We were now under the command of General R. M. Gano, who had been a Colonel under John Morgan in Kentucky and Tennessee and had adopted Morgan's military tactics. I was slightly wounded in a fight at Prairie Grove near Fort Smith, Arkansas, and was furloughed for twenty days soon afterwards.

After I had returned, General Gano learned that a Kansas regiment of the Federal army then at Fort Smith was encamped at Diamond Grove, four miles from the fort. He planned to capture them by a surprise attack, as we were forty or fifty miles away. He called for volunteers for the dash, and, when he had his number, we set out. We left camp about five o'clock in the afternoon and marched all night. The General rode at the head of the column.

We reached their pickets about daylight. They fired on us, but we chased them into their camp. The soldiers were up and they quickly fell into rank, in the grove. Our men surrounded them, and for a while the fight was hot, but we put them to flight. We captured a good many. Some were killed or wounded. Their suttlers' store and other supplies were captured or destroyed. Being so near the army, we had but little time to tarry before starting our retreat or run the risk of being taken.

During the first charge Captain Haynes was shot in the hand. Jess Douglas of Weston was shot in the bowels, the ball striking the big brass buckle on his

belt and passing around his side. It was a narrow escape for him. I received a Minié ball in the center of my abdomen and imagined I could feel where it passed out of my back. The shock was so great that I lost my gun, but I stayed on my horse. I said to H. L. Wilson, who was near me, "I am shot." Wilson asked where. I replied, "Right through the center of the bowels." Wilson answered, "I'm sorry, for it's a dead shot." I said, "Yes, but some one go back with me to the big tree on the prairie so I'll not die here under the horses." Abi I. Stelzer of Celina and Henry L. Wilson of Pear Ridge, Arkansas, both went back to assist me. Others were assisting Jess Douglas and Captain Haynes.

Before reaching the tree I was so sick that I had to be helped down. When I undid my belt cartridge box, my pants opened and the battered ball fell to the ground. It had cut two balls in my cartridge box half in two, had cut the top button off my pants, had cut a hole through my drawers, and had frazzled the shirt, but had only broken the skin.

When the ball fell to the ground, I said, "Goody, boys, it didn't go in!" Abi Stelzer insisted that I said, "Thank the Lord, boys, it didn't go in!" Well, I was feeling very thankful about that time. I was laid up from the bruise for some days, but have only the birth-scar to show where the ball didn't go in.

There were a number of cases like this in which soldiers thought they were injured more seriously than they were. From East Tennessee comes the story that during 1863 a detachment of Confederate soldiers was drilling in a meadow near the camps. They had been

expecting the enemy momentarily and were drilling in fighting order. One of the men stepped on an old dusted sulky-rake tooth that had fallen in the grass. When he stepped on one end, the tooth, crooked in the shape of a new moon, flipped up and the sharp end struck him in the small of the back. He never looked round, but just crumpled up and sank to the ground, gasping, "O Lord! Take me home, boys, I'm dead!"

There have been cases in which men have had their legs and arms cut off by surgeons and yet still tried to "scratch it." I knew of a man who was riding along and tried to scratch his ear with his little finger and it was gone.

General Gano came out without injury after capturing four of the enemy when alone with me. They had shot away all their loads and had to surrender. We reached camp with some prisoners and booty.

During the fall, the command was scouting and took a large train of wagons at Cabin Creek. A little later, we had a dispatch from General Cooper, really an order for the brigade to go into winter quarters down on the Red River, near Laynesport, Arkansas. This was good news to us as we were getting near home and supplies.

Joe Waddill reached the age of seventeen and reported to Martin's regiment early in the summer of 1864. He continued with us to the end. I have several letters from the Judge to him and George Morris.

McKinney, August 22, '64.

Dear Boys—

The election is just over and but little is known certainly—Taylor Henry is elected County Clerk by a small

majority. Jenkins beat Andrews in this county for District Attorney. We are unable to form any idea as to the result.

Your Ma sends you a shoulder of bacon if it can be carried by the wagon, your shoes, and a pair of jeans pants for you both. I send you fifteen dollars each in five dollar bills. Miss Sallie has not arrived, but we are looking for her daily. I will try to get a saddle and a pair of boots made for you. The bootmaker has gone to San Antonio. * * *

Yours ever,
R. L. WADDILL.

McKinney, October 10, 1864.

Dear Boys—

I am told that the clothing wagon starts today. Your Ma sends a coat, pants, two pairs socks, and two overshirts, pair flannel drawers.

Joe has coat, two pair pants, couple flannel and cotton shirts, two pair socks, and box of eatables. I send a first-rate pony to you. If he is too small, you can easily trade him off. He is in great demand. I have had many propositions to trade him. * * *

I suppose you are now at Laynesport. George did have a very narrow escape from Yankee Bullets. I hope that if McClellan is elected we may never have another fight. I want you all to come home. It was said that the McKinney boys behaved very gallantly in the last fight in the Nation.

I never wanted to see any person more than you and George. This great risk of life today seems to make me draw nearer to you boys and to make me very anxious to see you both. The boys are gathering pecans every day and can now feast you on such fruit if you like them.

The carriage starts—write please.

Yours truly,
R. L. WADDILL.

Bonham, December 7, 1864.

Dear Boys—

I have just listened to a long argument by W. B. Wright and Bob Taylor in a Habeas Corpus case, and immediately after dinner have to commence the trial of a man charged with murder. * * *

Many of Price's men are here and many are blaming him for his unsuccessful raid in Missouri. If an offense is unsuccessful, many are ready to censure. I still hope he and his army will do well. We will have much hard fighting next spring I think, as Lincoln has crossed all the Northern states and the border states. There is no earthly prospect for peace as I can see. But I am certain our independence will be secured before this war ends. Cloyd Henley says that Martin's boys will certainly be in Texas this winter. I will try to send you both some money to come home on. We have pet turkeys for you if Miss Sallie does refuse to eat mine with you. * * *

Yours ever,
R. L. Waddill.

We prepared our camp in a bend on the river, and as soon as the tents were well arranged, we built us a church-house in which to hold our Bible school and preaching services. The General was a preacher, and we had other visiting ministers during our stay. Our church was builded of cedar logs. It was patterned after the old Cane Ridge church in Kentucky, where Barton W. Stone preached at the great revival held about the close of the eighteenth century. General Gano preached in this historic church after the War was over. It was my privilege to preach there also during 1869 while I was attending Kentucky University.

We had our Bible lessons and some good preaching,

and quite a number of men became obedient to Christ. While I read my little ten-cent Testament daily and had accepted Christ before I entered the army, I had not thought of ever becoming a minister. I had, however, always endeavored to show on which side I stood upon important issues.

On one occasion, a meeting was in progress, conducted by Elders H. P. Dyer and J. R. Wilmeth, ministers in the Christian Church. Some men requested baptism. As the two preachers were going to the river, I walked with them, and from that time the boys called me Parson.

While camped here, four of our company, three besides myself, feeling hungry for a good country dinner, slipped off from the camp, forded the river and came out about four miles into Texas. We called on a well-to-do farmer, with whom we ate a splendid dinner. The farmer was also a distiller and invited us to visit his plant. The boys began to sample the beer. They handed me a cup, but when I had tasted it, I poured it back and wondered how any one could love such "stuff." I knew two of them would get drunk. The third liked both beer and whisky, but never got so full that he could not go on.

I suggested that we return to camp, but they took on some whisky and began to be a noisy crowd. Once they rode up to a blacksmith shop and began to shoot above an old negro's head until he ran out. I finally got them headed in the direction of the camps.

It was after frost, but we were passing a field in which there was a wagon-load of fine watermelons and the young soldiers had to have some. The corn had

been gathered, and the field was full of cockle-burrs. Two had red hair, and each began to put burrs in the other's hair until it was full. When we reached the river, which was half-side deep to our horses, I led one of their horses by the side of mine. The other sober man led the other. The two drunks had promised to keep quiet so that we could steal our way through the guard line, but they rode up to the first guard they saw and tried to get his gun.

We finally reached our company and tied and fed our horses. When the boys came to the ash-pile, they wallowed like horses. I had no use for whisky before, and had less after this happened. It is no exaggeration to say that the Devil never put into the world a greater evil than alcoholic liquors.

We fared well during this winter of 1864 and made good use of our log church-house. Before the spring of 1865 set in, the company to which I belonged went to McKinney, so that I was able to be at home for several weeks. In February, while we were encamped on the East Fork of the Trinity River northeast of McKinney, John Dixon of Weston and Jerry H. George of the Vineland Community were sent to Bonham with some prisoners who had deserted. On their return they decided to come by Weston, Dixon's home. When they reached East Fork, east of Chambersville, they found it swimming and undertook to swim their horses across. George was swept off and drowned. Dixon got out and reported it to the company.

I was detailed to search for the body, but on account of the rains and high water, we did not recover it for

a month to the day. We finally found it at the bottom of the creek under a log. A pistol was still on it.

While searching, I took out another man who drowned the same day as George. The others around were so superstitious that they would not pull the body out, so that I had to take it out alone. George's body was so badly decomposed that we had to wrap it in a blanket for burial. George and I had lived for years in a half-mile of each other and were dear friends. We had enlisted at the same time and had messed together, and together we had swum many creeks. The day on which he was drowned, his brother and I swam a creek on horseback, and the boy came near losing his life, as his horse was wild.

While camped near McKinney, we hunted down many deserters and arrested and imprisoned their leaders. This was a hard business—to take a man away from his home while his wife and children begged and screamed for his release.

I shall never forget one poor soldier named McDurmitt (I think) who was court-martialed and shot while we were in the Indian Territory. It was very dry in Texas. His wife wrote him that there was no water in several miles of her and that she had no way of getting her children to water and food. He went to the commanding officer for a leave of absence and was refused. Then he went home without leave, moved his family to where there was water, and later came back. He was shot as a deserter.

We tried to look favorably upon the action of our superior officers, but sometimes found it hard to do. Once in a while we joked about serious matters to

keep up our spirits. Someone told a story of two old women with sons in the army. Mrs. Brown said to Mrs. Thomas:

"An' had yer heared about my boy, Silas? He done sich good fightin' in the last battle that they went an' made 'em a sargeant in his corpse!"

"I'm right proud o' thet, Nancy," answered Mrs. Thomas, "but had yer heared what they done fur my lad? Wal, he must a done good, fur they wrote me t'other day thet they wuz a fixin' ter court martial him."

In the spring, we were ordered to southern Texas. Here we remained until Lee's surrender to Grant.

Desertions were common during this period. Judge Waddill's boys were not in my company and did not have to gather deserters, a more and more unwelcome task. A letter from the Judge to George Morris suggests fully the situation, though he still had hopes of Confederate success.

McKinney, March 29, 1865.

Dear George—

On my return I found yours and Joe's letters, and I was greatly delighted to find that all I had predicted had proved true. It was confidentially reported that Martin's and DeMosse's men had left in Company and that Haynes's Company had many gone in and around McKinney. No one stated that you and Joe had left.

The mortification that the boys who did leave will feel in after life for this indiscretion will be as much as they can bear. The British after the Revolution, although Arnold fought bravely for them, despised him for his treachery and on one occasion (I remember to have read in *Nile's Regis-*

ter) a British officer refused to drink with him, alleging that "he would not drink with a damned traitor."

I hope that you and your Company will not be dismounted, but if you are, meet your fate cheerfully and discharge your duty properly. If they pay for the horses, you will not, I suppose, receive pay for the stray but let it be credited to the name of the owner. Joe will divide the pay of his horse with you, and I hope you will have money enough to make yourself comfortable. If not, write me and I can now send you more.

I suppose that all our Atlantic cities will be abandoned according to the plan laid down by General Lee. It is said that Lee will make his headquarters in Knoxville, Tennessee. General Brownlow will contest the right with him. I hope that all the neutrals in Kentucky and Tennessee will move forth, and with the two hundred thousand darkies that we are about to put into the field we will be able to thrash the last Yankee back across the Ohio.

I hope you are not despondent in the army. Many Croakers report defeat to our army, but I am satisfied that the Confederacy will never be conquered. We had darker days than this in our Revolution, a depreciated currency, a poorly equipped soldiery, and desertions without number; yet we were successful. We have now a more valuable currency, better soldiers, better pay, and Lee is even greater than Washington.

Ever thine,
R. L. WADDILL.

* * *

On the fifteenth day of May, 1865, we were disbanded. I was twelve days in walking home and suffered much from sore feet.

CHAPTER V

COLLIN COUNTY AGAIN

On arriving home I found wheat harvest on hand. I rested up a few days, during which time I was chilling, and then entered the harvest field. I soon began to feel at home again.

After harvest I went to school for five months to J. B. Wilmeth. We also had a Literary Society meeting on each Friday night. There were readings, spelling matches, and discussions. We discussed such questions as, "Is a stock fair gambling? You pay an entrance fee against a possible premium," and "Which gives the greater pleasure, possession or pursuit?" The whole community would attend, old and young. Sweethearts found it a convenient time to meet and talk slyly of the future. I also attended a writing school consisting of ten lessons by John Haunn.

In the spring of 1866 I made preparations for farming. I also broke some horses to ride. I always said that if I couldn't break a horse, I would tie a twenty-dollar bill to his tail and send him back to his owner.

Conditions were very uncertain at this time, but the settlers put their shoulders to the wheel and made the best they could of a mean situation. Judge Waddill suggests the difficulties in several of his letters to George Morris.

McKinney, June 1, 1866.

Dear George—

I arrived here last week after a tedious trip and an absence of three months. I was only a day in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and one day with my friends in each county, that is, in Christian and Hopkins.

On my return, I was delayed several days in New Orleans awaiting the loading of the "Millie Stephens." I passed a pleasant time with my kindred and friends in the city. Mat Rowland married a Mr. Vop at New Orleans—a gentlemanly fellow. I was at the wedding. Many of the grandees of the city were there. She was married by the great divine, Dr. Palmer, the rival of Bob Breckenridge in politics religious—a warm "Secesh." I have never heard a marriage ceremony to equal it. If I had to be married again I would have him at any price. I want you to get him at your nuptials. The South Carolinians grant no divorces, and I think it is partly because the Knot Matrimonial is tied so hard that it cannot be cut but by the Death Scythe.

My old friend, May Henry, is about to die with consumption at R. H. Short's in New Orleans. I called to see Mr. Bobbs and family. Bobbs is making a fortune fast despite the Yankee emancipation. His girl of Sweet Sixteen is quite handsome, and his other children are beautiful and intelligent. His wife and child look bad. New Orleans is very sickly, I think, and I would not live there for a deed to the place.

The Mississippi and Red rivers have overflowed the counties, and cotton by the thousands of acres is forever gone. I could not get stage passage to McKinney on account of high water, and had to buy a mule and swim the creek.

My farm negroes have abandoned the place as I anticipated; yet your Ma has enough to do the work. My boys are cultivating the crop. Their wheat is good, but I dislike for them to lose the time from school.

My trunk came yesterday. Fanny says her doll is the prettiest thing in the world, and the tea set sent her by Miss Waney pleased her greatly. She has been exhibiting them to the school girls, and if you and Miss Nancy could see her joyous expressions of countenance, you would be as delighted as she is. All are well.

Ever,

R. L. WADDILL.

* * *

McKinney, Texas,
August 11, 1866.

Dear George—

I have just read your letter of the 23rd inst. We received the letter to Fanny a few days ago, and you have no idea how it delighted her! It is a pleasant thing to be kindly remembered.

Ben has recovered from his injury by the mule except for the appearance of a scar on the side of his face. Time will remove that, I think. All are now eating their rations.

I think your Ma wrote you the news about Darnall: wedding, infare, etc. His Lady is a very pretty and intelligent woman. Darnall has abandoned Medicine and gone to studying Law at the university.

Mr. Muse's school starts next Tuesday. I shall send Fanny and Gaston. Joe, Ben, and Lawrence will have to sow wheat before they can go. I have sent for the gang riding plows and hope they will arrive. The boys start to Jefferson for them next week.

Lawrence is anxious to go to Kentucky and live with you; so, if you marry, I may send him to your best school in Henderson—if you have a first-rate school. Lawrence is fonder of his books than the other boys and I think will make a man of mark.

Tell Miss Nannie that Joe and Ben are fine looking and

improving and that if she cannot be suited in Kentucky I will promise her a Texas lover whose heart is warmed by a Southern Sun. Tell Mr. Holloway that I would like for him to come to Texas and spend the winter with me. I am satisfied that it would be of great benefit to him to breathe our pure air and hunt deer and buffaloes on our prairies.

I am satisfied that Texas will rapidly improve by *new labor*. The farmers will take pains to improve in their agricultural implements. Mine cost me four hundred dollars including transportation—for plows, corn planter, washing and ironing machine, pump cistern, and fodder cutter. The boys do not like the labor of walking so much after the old-fashioned plow.

The negroes have nearly all left this region. We have a cook yet. The Buchanan negroes and *Susan Kinkhead* have gone to Missouri. I met Henry at Jefferson. He is a fireman on the old boat *Lizzie Hamilton*. Jim and his wife are living ten miles in the country. Martha and her children are living in McKinney. Daisy is with James Wilmeth's negroes.

Yours ever,
R. L. WADDILL.

* * *

McKinney, Texas,
December 6th, 1866.

Dear George—

I have been sick near two months and have therefore not written much to any one. I have suffered more from this spell than from sickness for twenty years. I have suffered much from Dyspepsia and am not now relieved.

I wish you would come to Texas and marry one of the interesting ladies of our own state. Sell out your possessions in Kentucky and reinvest here. Land is high in Kentucky and will be for twenty years, but it is comparatively low

here on account of the scarcity of money. Immigrants are coming in good numbers, and you will see from the papers I send you that a large number will be here next fall. Nothing but the want of means before selling their possessions in the Old States keeps them from moving this fall.

Mr. Darnall's mother has purchased a track of some hundred acres near Tom Noble's, for which she paid five dollars an acre in Greenbacks. The same land could not have been bought for less than ten dollars before the War. Many citizens in Southern Texas are selling out and coming to Collin to educate their children and raise wheat with machinery applied to husbandry.

My gang plow is answering a first-rate purpose and hereafter I shall have no trouble in plowing in my small grain and cultivating my corn. Mr. Wiggle cultivates on shares, and I shall be at no expense in hiring hands. The boys are all learning well, and Fanny excels all of her age in her studies and is the favorite of her teachers and the students. I can never consent for her or for the boys to go so far as Kentucky while I live. I am going down hill very fast and would prefer that you and the rest should be here where I can see you oftener than I do. Indeed I never expect to go back to Kentucky again.

We have any number of intelligent and accomplished young ladies in Texas, and why can you not suit yourself here and live in as much style as you can there? We shall soon have railroads in our midst and lands bought now will make the owner a millionaire. Sell your lot and land in Christian County and invest here without expense, and it will pay you ten-fold.

The family are well and I am slowly improving. Your Ma is much delighted with her new washing machine. Indeed, every implement purchased answers a good purpose.

Yours ever,

R. L. WADDILL.

On the first Monday in September, 1866, I also had started to school to Elder J. S. Muse, who had opened a high school near McKinney. Mr. Muse was a graduate of Bethany College of Virginia, and was remarkably successful as a teacher. For a while he thought that he would not be able to get enough pupils in Collin County, but Judge Waddill prevailed upon him to stay and in his travels about sent pupils to him. It was a select school, providing instruction in geometry, higher arithmetic, algebra, and English literature.

Judge Waddill says rightly that his little daughter Fanny was the favorite of the school. A few years later every one in the community who could was writing poetry to her.

Mr. Muse's school was situated four miles away, but still I boarded at home, going the distance on horseback, or when it was very cold, on foot. The school closed in June, 1867, with a public exhibition and examination. I delivered an oration on the night of the exhibition on "The Dignity of Labor." This was my first effort at public speaking.

Also, we had a tableau, in which I got married. I was to be an attendant, but as the groom's gloves proved so small that he could not get them on, I took his place as groom. The girl had been mad at me for a long time. One day when I was going to the post office for the mail, she told me to bring her a letter, and if I didn't to write her one. I wrote her a lot of foolishness, and she got mad. She looked sweet enough, though the night of the wedding.

* * *

When the War closed, I had my membership in the

congregation worshipping at McKinney, but a congregation having been organized at a schoolhouse (Hackberry Grove) near my father's, I immediately became identified with that. I had often felt that I would love to be a preacher, and though I said nothing about my feeling while in school, I was accused by the young ladies of preparing to preach. Then I attended a meeting at McKinney where there were many old men. J. B. Wilmeth, J. S. Muse, B. F. Hall, H. O. Polly, C. Carlton, the pioneers of the Reformation, were there.

The Reformation was the name given to the union movement in the Christian Church, headed by Alexander Campbell. It should have been called the Restoration Movement, calling men back to the New Testament. Campbell called his followers Disciples of Christ, but Barton W. Stone claimed that Christian was the proper title.

The first effort at forming a congregation for worship in this section was made by the McKinneys and their families in 1846. They had moved here from what is now Bowie County and settled in the neighborhood in which Van Alstyne is located. Collin McKinney, for whom our county and our city are named, was one of the leading citizens of the state. The McKinneys had taken a stand with the Restoration Movement before coming to these parts. The family church, for such it was, was composed of McKinneyites and their negroes: about thirteen whites and five negroes. These met in each other's homes for a while; then they built a small log house and used it for a year. Several other early churches were organized, one in a blacksmith shop.

One of the most successful meetings of the time was held in an unfinished livery stable.

At the meeting which I attended in 1867, the fact was mentioned that these old veterans, from Elder Wilmeth to Uncle Charlie Carlton, who was a power for good in Collin County, would soon be dead. The question was asked, Who will fill their places? My heart seemed to say, I will do all I can. I made my feelings known to my comrade and school-mate, J. M. Wilmeth, and was agreeably surprised to find his convictions the same.

When the school was ended, we went in company with Miss M. M. Muse, one of the teachers, and Miss Fannie Compton, a student, to Dr. Hall's, of Grayson County, where we spent several days. As Dr. Hall was preparing to go on a visit to Kentucky, we made arrangements to accompany him and attend the Kentucky University.

We went from Dr. Hall's to Kentucky Town, where we attended the closing exercises of Professor Carlton's school. Then I went to Bonham, Texas, and joined C. M. Wilmeth and the ladies at Mantua (named from a woman dress—or mantuamaker), Collin County, on Lord's day. On Tuesday morning, I went home and laid my plans before my parents, who no sooner heard them than they expressed their dissatisfaction. They desired me to attend school in Texas. At the time, however, we had nothing but common schools and I determined to go to Lexington. When I finally got to Kentucky, I found that the people slipped away from me when they found I was from Texas. I hardly blamed them since they thought I had a six-gun in each pocket.

CHAPTER VI

OFF TO COLLEGE

I had determined to go and made my arrangements to start in July. Seeing that my mind was set, my parents aided me in getting ready. We intended to set out with about fifty horses, most of which were unbroke, and one wagon and a two-horse buggy. Our company was to be composed of Dr. Hall and wife, Mrs. Bandy (a cook) and her child, and four young men, W. M. and Joel Collins, C. M. Wilmeth, and myself. Our route lay through the Indian territory to Kansas and thence to Missouri, where we would sell our stock and take the cars for Kentucky.

We started on the 24th of July, 1867, camping the first night eight miles from home. It had been a trial for me to leave my home and friends, but I felt that the cause of Christ demanded it.

The second night we camped a few miles south of Red River, where we could get lots of shelter, as it rained very hard. After we had put up our stock, I went to Mrs. Mire's and spent the night. The next morning we crossed Red River at Colbert's Ferry. During the week we traveled at the rate of twenty miles a day.

There were no trails at that time, and stages in our journey were marked by the streams we had to pass.

We encountered much mud and quicksand in crossing Boggy Creek, just before arriving at Boggy Depot, a stage stop and the seat of government of the Choctaw Nation, but had no interruption until the 4th of August. At that time we had some trouble in fording the Canadians but no serious loss. Those rivers were among the most feared because of the danger of quicksand. A number of men had lost their lives there, going down with their horses in a few minutes. We journeyed on through the Creek Nation, crossing the Arkansas River near Fort Gibson and proceeding towards Fort Scott, Kansas. As it was high prairie country, the roads were good. The land struck me as fine, and in the northern portion of the Cherokee Nation is the best water I ever saw. It is clear and as cold as ice.

We remained two or three days at Baxter Springs, a growing city in the neutral lands lying between Kansas and the Indian Territory. On Lord's day Dr. Hall preached in the city. Whenever we came to a church, he announced that he would preach, at one place holding a meeting for two weeks. Here Mrs. Bandy left us, as we were going to change our course for Missouri, and she desired to go to her home in Kansas.

After traveling on towards Fort Scott for about twenty miles, we went east until we struck Missouri at the southwestern part, Jasper County. Here we found water scarce on the prairies, which the late war had almost depopulated. We were also troubled much with flies. They did not bother us but molested the stock. We traveled at night so as to avoid them, and lay up in the day time. We rested our stock afterwards, spending four or five days with Mr. James Perry, who lived

in the suburbs of Lamar, the county site of Barton County.

On the evening of August 21st, we started in the direction of Sedalia. After passing through New Montevallo and Virgil City and spending one night in Roscoe, we crossed the Osage River and put up at Brother Speed's, who lived eight miles east of Osceola. While I was crossing the river on a big horse, I looked back and saw my pocketbook floating on the water. At the same time my horse started to return to the ponies. I fell off but succeeded in swimming back. Then I went out in a canoe and got my pocketbook.

Brother Speed was a Southern man who had lived in Texas. During the War he was not allowed to stay at his home because of the hostility of his Union neighbors. We spent several weeks with him. During this time I visited the Monegaw Springs, noted for their medical water, and also attended a protracted meeting conducted by the Methodists. I saw and heard little that indicated pure religion. The meeting was conducted in an excited manner. They usually had dinner on the grounds and took care that Democrats and Republicans ate separately. The bitterness of the War between the states still continued, and there was not much social intercourse between the people of the two parties. Before the close of the meeting, some persons were immersed, not being willing to submit to sprinkling, the minister taking care to inform the audience that he was not immersing for remission of sins but for an outward show of inward grace.

I have never met a family which I liked better than Brother Speed's. I was much pleased with Miss Emma,

his daughter, who is one of the best informed young ladies in the Bible I have met. She seemed to delight in nothing more than to converse upon its truths.

On the 2nd of September we set out again and crossed the Grand River; then bearing to the left, we passed through Clinton, putting up with Brother N. M. Ragland three miles north of town. As this beautiful prairie country gave us a wonderful opportunity for grazing our stock, we stayed here for nearly three weeks. The country was only sparsely settled, and the grass was fine and free for all, but the stock had to be lotted at night. While the few farms were fenced, the fences were not sufficiently strong to prevent the stock from breaking in and destroying the crops.

We were employed during this time in breaking horses to ride and work. I broke my horse to a buggy, and enjoyed myself much in riding with Miss Theodocia Ragland. I formed several pleasant acquaintances, including Sister Armstrong, of Clinton, and Brother S. W. Price, who was just starting for Kentucky University to prepare himself to preach the Gospel.

Leaving this station on the 23rd of September, we camped three miles south of Warrensburg, county site of Johnson County. The next day we drove our stock to grass about two miles west of town and then returned to Brother L. Crece's. Brother Wilmeth, Sister Hall, and son took passage on the cars for Lexington, Kentucky. The rest of us secured lodging at Colonel Ead's Hotel, where we spent a week. We failed to sell any of our stock, as the prices were very low. Also, we lost one of our finest horses while here.

We left on the first of October for Columbus, a little town eleven miles from Warrensberg, and from thence we went two miles west to Mr. Hornbuckle's. I suffered much with a chill. While the Hornbuckle family had been refugees to Texas during the War and had lived in about two miles of my father, I was in the army and did not know them. When they learned that I was a Southern soldier and from Texas, they gave me an old-fashioned welcome to their home.

The next day we continued two miles farther to James Sorrency's, where we remained for nearly two weeks. I became much attached to this family. While here I sold my horse to Mr. David Woodruff for $122.50, less than I could have sold him for at home. Also we witnessed the "Knights of Chivalry" ride in the Tournament. The Knights of Chivalry were young men who rode their horses at a good speed in a circle, along which, at certain distances, were rings hung on hooks attached to projections from posts. The Knight held a large spear in his right hand, and as he passed under the projecting arm he ran the spear through the ring and carried it off. The one who caught the most rings won. A large concourse was present.

Then we went to Mr. Donthitt's, three miles south of Lexington, Missouri, where we spent nearly two weeks. During our stay here, we were in Lexington much and attended the fair. Lexington is a beautiful city, lying on the Missouri River and surrounded by a large body of rich land. This was the finest part of Missouri which we had seen, but I was not well pleased with the society. The people had a little too much vanity for my taste. They seemed to spend too much

time in pleasure and to take pride in their wealth, but they treated me nicely.

October the 28th we returned by stage to Warrensburg, where we took tea at Brother Crece's. Mr. Crece was a member of the Christian Church, and as I was going to college to prepare for the ministry, he entertained me free and with his best. After tea was over, we took passage on the cars for St. Louis, where we arrived at ten o'clock the next day.

We spent only a few minutes in the city, but crossed the river and soon were on the train for Seymour, Indiana. We passed through southern Illinois, which seemed to me poor land, although there was some good timber. Being delayed by an accident, we did not reach Seymour until ten o'clock the next morning. A few minutes later we were en route for Jeffersonville, a city on the Ohio opposite Louisville. We reached Jeffersonville in the evening, and took a bus for the William's Hotel in Louisville.

After a good night's rest, we started on the train for Lexington, hoping to find rest for some time. The next day we came to the city and met Brother C. M. Wilmeth, who was then in the Bible College. As I had now reached the end of my journey, and as this was honored as the "garden spot" of the world, I concluded to spend a few days in looking around before entering school. Lexington, located in the famous *blue grass* section of the state, was the home of Henry Clay, John C. Breckinridge, and other noted men. It was also the home of fine horses and other stock. And it was the seat of learning, as the State University and Bible College were there.

After a six-mile ride on the stage along the Richmond pike, we came to Brother Foster's, where we spent the night with A. K. Collins, a brother to my companion, W. M. C. The next day we went to old Brother Palmer's, six miles south of Richmond, where we met Sister Hall and son, who had left us in Missouri.

CHAPTER VII

COLLEGE

After one or two more days traveling over the country, I entered school on the 8th of November, 1867. I went in the same room with Brother Wilmeth; it was furnished free for students of the ministry. The rooms were not well lighted, but as a boy I had studied much by "bark lamps"—made from scaly bark and pine-knots—and oil and gas were a great improvement upon them. I took only four studies: the Pentateuch, Structure of the English Language, Latin, and Greek.

For four months, I had had no word from home. But soon a letter came informing me of the death of my grandfather, J. C. Carruth. I also learned of the death of Judge Waddill. I was very sad to hear of his death, because he had been a very great force for education and Christian living in our community.

At Christmas we had a two weeks' recess, which I spent at Winchester, the county site of Clark. I met some old friends and made many new ones.

I was much pleased with the people of Winchester. So far as their hospitality was concerned, I think them almost unequaled, but they used the whisky a little too freely on Christmas occasions. They drank whisky at their meals as if it were milk or water. I saw but few really drunk persons in the two weeks I was there, but

most men and some women were under the influence of liquor at their feasts. They expressed surprise that I refused to use intoxicants.

I walked back to Lexington, halting along the road to sell books, which I was peddling to pay my board at college. I would explain that I had been a soldier and that I had been attending school since the war, that I had lost time and Confederate money was no good, that in selling books and stationery I tried to make enough on Saturdays and holidays to pay my board during the next week, that I was working my way, that I ought to preach Christ to the world but didn't want to do it without an education, and that I sold only good books, namely, Bibles, hymn books, and historical and biographical works. Occasionally I would receive subscriptions for church papers. But usually I sold Fleetwood's *Life of Christ,* the *Memoirs of Alexander Campbell,* and the *Life of Raccoon John Smith,* so-called because he wore a coon-skin cap.

On returning to Lexington, I entered school again, and continued paying my board by what I could make on Saturdays until April. Then I began to board in the family of President R. Milligan, who credited me until I was able to pay him.

In January I attended a protracted meeting by Moses E. Lord in the city of Lexington. I had often heard of him and was anxious to see him. I found him an eloquent speaker as well as a deep thinker. I was so carried away with his manner of speaking that I could not tell on returning to my room whether I had heard or not. He had a fruitful imagination and could picture things in a charming manner.

During this period I was very careful to fill in my diary regularly, and it is from my daily record that I am writing this autobiography. Here is a section taken almost at random.

1868

Sunday, January 26.

Arose at 4 A. M. and made a fire. Then wrote two letters, one to Miss Addie Elkin and the other to Herman George of Texas. After which I ate my breakfast and then went to church. Brother Wilks preached. Went to prayer meeting at 2 P. M. Returned in company with Brother Culch, who spent an hour at our room. Studied some but retired early on account of health not being very good. Weather cold and rainy.

Monday, January 27.

My health being bad I did not rise until about 7 A. M. Ate breakfast about 11 A. M. and went to recitation in the evening; also to the coal-yard on North Mulberry and bought ten bushels of coal. Studied until 9 P. M.; then retired. Health improving very slowly—very severe cold with cough. Weather cold, with snow 3 or 4 inches deep and still cloudy.

Tuesday, January 28.

Arose at 4:30 A. M. and proceeded to my studies as usual. Ate breakfast about 7 A. M. I attended my usual exercises during the day. My recitations were only tolerably good—better in Greek than common. I studied until 8:30 P. M.; then had worship and retired, it being 9 P. M. Health still improving slowly. No news to-day. Weather still cold with snow on the ground.

Wednesday, January 29.

Arose at 4:15 A. M. and went to my studies until breakfast, which was about 7:30 A. M. Went to the regular reci-

tations of the day; was present at each roll-call and recited tolerably well. I went to the P. O. in the evening and received a letter from Judge Brown of Winchester. Was unwell in the evening and went down to Brother Lain's room and drank some coffee, which relieved me much. Retired at 9:15. Still cold—snow on the ground.

Thursday, January 30.
Arose at 4 A. M. and after making a fire and sweeping the floor went to my studies. Ate breakfast at 7:30 A. M. I attended daily recitation and Chapel. I went to the P. O. in the evening and received three letters, one from Home, one from J. S. Kerr, and one from S. A. Tucker. All getting along well. Came by the Ashland Mills and bought 50 pounds of flour; also by the Cheesehouse and got some cheese. Retired at 9:15. Health improving, but the weather very cold.

Friday, January 31.
Arose at 4:30 A. M. and went to my studies. Ate breakfast at 7:30 and then went to Chapel. Attended all my recitations during the day; went to the P. O. during the evening. Returned and wrote a letter to Father. After this was done and worship attended to, I retired, it being about 10 P. M. Health improving. Weather not so cold as it has been for several days.

Saturday, February 1.
Arose at 7:15 A. M. After eating breakfast, wrote two letters—one to John S. Kerr and the other, not finished, to S. A. Tucker. Went to the P. O. at noon. Joel Collins came and spent a few hours with us and I went home with him and spent the night with Brother Foster. Read and led in prayer at night, after which I studied my Greek lesson some and then retired, feeling tolerably well. Weather cold.

* * *

I travelled much over the counties of Fayette, Bourbon, Scott, and Jessamine, selling my books and forming pleasant acquaintances. I frequently attended services at Providence church, in Jessamine County, some six miles from Lexington. Here I enjoyed the hospitality of the Farras, Cassels, Bryans, Neats, Roberts, Featherasons, and Headleys. On the other side of the town I found a home at the Ganos in Bourbon County. I also spent some pleasant hours in the family of Robert Innes and Dr. Whitney. As a result of Brother Milligan's kindness and my success at the book business, I succeeded in staying the session out.

I preached only once or twice this session. Once I went to Bethany church, Jessamine County. I had never preached before. A student who had been preaching a good deal had an appointment at this church, but he was called down to his home town to marry a couple and asked me to fill his appointment for him. I went down to Nicholsville, where I was met and taken out five miles in a buggy.

Sunday morning at preaching time I was told that there was a young man there who always went in and out of the church two or three times during the service and created a disturbance because he wore boots. The pulpit was between the door and the pews, and he generally went to the back of the house. I was advised to pay no attention, because he had been frequently rebuked and it only made him worse. One preacher had met him as he came down the aisle and escorted him to the door and said, "Call again some time, friend." He had replied, "Thank you. I'll try and do so."

I said to the congregation: "My purpose in entering the ministry is to try to make men and women better and to persuade them to be saved. This is the first time that I have filled an appointment, and I no doubt will be embarrassed. Any going in or out of the house will disturb me and may cause some one to be lost. No doubt some of you will not want to stay during all the service. Now I shall sit down for a few minutes and let those who are going to leave during the service, go."

As no one moved, I arose and preached on the importance of prayer, and not one left the house until the last amen. I preached again at night and again there was no disturbance. As I was leaving at night, a fellow put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Parson, there's a couple what wants you to marry them." I said, "I don't know just what the laws are. Tell the man if he's coming up to the city tomorrow to come to Mr. Messick's office, and I'll let him know."

Lawyer Messick informed me that I'd have to have a license to perform marriages in Kentucky. "Now as you are scarce of money, if the license costs more than five dollars, you had better let it alone, because that's as much as he will give you." Messick went with me to the county clerk and inquired what a license would cost. The reply was, "Fifty cents." So I took out the license and informed the young man that I would be on hand.

On Wednesday night, I was present and the couple came. The groom was a tall, raw-boney saw-mill worker. The bride-to-be was a young widow with two pretty little girls about the same size. I wanted to impress upon them that I was not embarrassed, and so I

took their vows and pronounced them man and wife. Then, bringing the little girls forward, I said solemnly to him, "And I commit these to your care and protection." He replied calmly, "Thank ye, suh. I had thet into the bargain."

He gave me five dollars; so I cleared $4.50.

I also preached twice at the colored church in Lexington. The colored people had a brick building a little way from the college. A classmate went with me to report on my preaching. He told my instructors that I preached all the negroes to sleep but waked him in time to pronounce the benediction.

[The Rev. S. W. Crutcher, who has since been pastor of the First Church in McKinney, said that he preached for that same church once, and an old negro woman congratulated him thus when he was through: "Brother Crutcher, I'd rather hear you preach than any white man I ever heard in mah life. You all preach jest like a nigger."

—THE EDITORS.]

CHAPTER VIII

VACATION TIME

When the school closed, I hardly knew what to do, as I did not feel qualified for evangelism, but soon a way was opened for me to make something for the next session. Brother John Allen Gano proposed to furnish the money to buy a few Indian ponies if I would go West and drive them in, offering me one-half of all profits. On the eighth of July I started for Texas with six hundred dollars. I took the train for Louisville, where I enjoyed the hospitalities of Brother E. Huffman and lady and Brother Huffman aided me in getting passage on a boat for New Orleans.

At five o'clock I went aboard the *St. Marys,* in charge of Captain Sweeny. I was much pleased with this gentleman and with the whole crew. What is remarkable for boats, I saw no card playing and but little drinking and heard little swearing. For this reason I regretted much to have to change boats at Cairo, Illinois. We remained with her about twenty-four hours before the arrival of the *Pauline Carroll* from St. Louis for New Orleans. Because of her heavy load of freight we moved but slowly; also the low stage of the river retarded our progress. There was quite a contrast between our crew now and while on the *St. Marys.* Captain White was a lively old bachelor, and on deck

he allowed much card playing and some drinking and swearing. I formed the acquaintance of several ladies, among whom were two "sisters of charity" (nuns), who were going to New Orleans. They were hunting orphan children to take into the convents to teach. I informed the ladies that I was a Protestant preacher; yet they were very kind, and giving me a warm clasp of the hand when leaving wished me success in life.

I read much during the day, but when passing any place of note, as Fort Pillow, I took pains to view it; I noticed particularly the battleground at Vicksburg. Learning that a boat would leave New Orleans for Red River before our arrival, I stopped at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to await the arrival of the *Little Richmond.* I lodged at the Garandah House. For dinner they served wild duck, which was so tough we couldn't eat it. But the price was high: I paid a dollar a meal. It was a case of duck or no dinner. The accommodations were also poor, with no conveniences. For that reason I strolled around.

It was Sunday evening before the boat arrived. I have never seen in my life a more demoralized place than this city, once the capital of the state. The saloons were kept open on the Lord's day, and the United States soldiers placed here as preservers of the peace were drinking and fighting.

On Lord's day morning, I enquired for a place of worship, and was directed to the Presbyterian church. Their house was a very comfortable one, but few seemed to be interested in worship. An aged man addressed the few present for a short time. Their chief attraction was the music, which was ground out of a

soulless organ. If it had only had a soul, it would certainly have been the most earnest worshipper in the assembly.

Sunday evening I took passage on the *Little Richmond,* where I met several old friends, colleagues of my army days. The crew seemed entirely given to wickedness. Gambling, swearing, and drinking were the chief amusements among the men. The Captain himself was drinking a little. He finally asked me if I was a young preacher, and when I told him I was, he treated me much more courteously. There were but few ladies on the boat. I conversed some with them on the soul's salvation—had quite a confab with a young lady who was inclined to believe Catholicism; also with her mother, who was, in principle, a Universalist, holding that God will save every one because Christ died for all.

I spent most of my time reading the Bible. One must get inside his book, and then get the book inside himself. If one has a pecan, it is no good until he gets inside of it and then gets it inside of him. The Captain quieted the crew out of respect for me and the Testament. The Testament will do a great deal, though it won't pay railroad fare. One time a good while later I got on the train to go from McKinney to Dallas, and I handed the conductor my Testament. He said, "That's a mighty fine ticket to one place, but it don't lead to where this train is going."

My reading soon attracted attention and one morning a few wicked skeptics asked me for a reason of the hope I had within me. I referred them to the Bible which gave me hope. They were disposed to deny many

things, excepting a belief that all men would be saved. I presented the claims of God on them in my feeble manner, of which they soon grew weary, and retired.

On arriving at Shreveport, I met some folks I knew. Here we changed boats for Jefferson, Texas, where we arrived on the 25th of July. Jefferson City was a small town on the bank of the Red River, but was a trading center of importance. Supplies were shipped there from New Orleans and distributed over the Southwest in ox-wagons.

On the evening of our arrival, I started with Mr. Wright of Greenville, Texas, for his home. We had a very pleasant trip in a buggy which he had purchased in New Orleans, reaching Greenville Monday night about twelve o'clock.

Tuesday morning, I borrowed Mr. Wright's horse and started for home, forty-five miles from Greenville. I reached McKinney about four o'clock; my friends expressed surprise at seeing me. It was about dark before I got home. My father did not know me for a few minutes.

It was joy beyond measure again to fill my place at the fireside and before retiring to commit ourselves to the care of Him who had brought us together again. I spent a few days in visiting my friends. On Lord's day I attended worship at my former church where I first confessed my Master. Brother Joseph Darnall spoke for us. He had come to Texas at the solicitation of Judge Waddill to help in Mr. Muse's school, but after the War he had considered several occupations and then gone into preaching. He was a graduate of Bethany College in what is now West Virgina. I

preached at night to a large and appreciative audience. That week I spent riding around trying to trade some stock.

On Saturday I joined Brother J. R. Wilmeth in a meeting at Plano, on Spring Creek. On Lord's day, Brother W. spoke at eleven o'clock, after which we partook of some refreshments which the brethren had brought on the grounds. They consisted of home-made lightbread, chicken, corn-bread, and pies. Beef was cheap, and there was always plenty of that. At such a basket-meeting, each brought food and put it on a common table. Everybody was invited; and as in the incident of the loaves and fishes, there was always plenty left. If we had visitors from the next county, we served them free. There were many who came merely for the loaves and fishes; but some stayed and were saved who merely came to eat. Some who came to scoff remained to pray.

The next day I started for the Indian land to buy ponies. I went as far as Boggy Depot in the Chocktaw Nation, and then returned with only two. I found ponies scarce and consequently high.

On Saturday, August 15th, I began a meeting at Rural Resort, one mile from home. On Sunday I was joined by Brothers Darnall and Muse. At night both Brother D. and I gave exhortation, with five confessions as the result. Brother J. B. Wilmeth preached on the next day at eleven o'clock, and immersed five persons in Honey Creek in the evening.

Wednesday I was the only speaker present, and was hardly able to speak from hoarseness. I talked for a short time; at the close my father came forward for

membership, making acknowledgement for his neglect. This made my heart rejoice, for many prayers had gone up to God for him. The result of the meeting was twelve added to this little band.

Several nights later, I went to Rowlett's Creek to hear the Baptists. I found much excitement there; indeed excitement seemed to be the object of the meeting, judging from the discourse which I heard representing the cries of the damned. I saw no sense in much that was done. As an example of their prayers I give the following words: "O Lord, come in our midst and speak peace to these mourning souls. Lord, it is not necessary that you speak as loud as thunder, but speak in a still small voice so that none can hear but them." I asked a lady what he meant. Was it his object to furnish the Lord a new method of converting persons, or did he think that He would be ashamed to be heard in so confused an assembly? Our conclusion was that the latter was true.

During the next week, father and I made a trip to Boggy Depot but did not succeed in purchasing any stock. On Saturday I went at night to Rural Resort and preached for the people. Also on Lord's day I spoke to a large audience at eleven and again at two. Afterwards I went to Honey Creek to immerse into Christ a couple of ladies who had confessed Him that morning. These were the first converts that I ever baptised. A week later I preached again at Rural Resort, with one confession, my sister, whom I immersed in the evening. At night Brother J. M. Wilmeth and I bade the congregation farewell, as we were returning to Lexington, Kentucky.

On Monday, the 7th of September. I started with my ponies. I had bought only fourteen, at the rates of $22.00 a head. Brother F. W. Pattee and John Maddox accompanied me. They both had some stock. We crossed the Red River at Mill Creek, and travelled the old military road to Little Rock, Arkansas, where we had some difficulty, as the river was overflowing the bottoms. Thence we went to Mound City, ten miles above Memphis, where we took the boat for Memphis.

We halted one Saturday evening at Mr. Gate's, ten miles east of Somerville, Tennessee. Learning that it had been twenty years since one of our own preachers had been there and spoken, I obtained the use of the church-house for the Lord's day, and by attending a Literary Society on Saturday night I was able to announce the service.

I spent the day at Mr. Gates's. When the hour for preaching arrived, I went into the pulpit with my stock-driving garb on and preached for one hour and three quarters. The audience was large and attentive. The majority of them had never heard a preacher of the Christian persuasion before.

On Monday we continued our journey, putting up with Mr. Ashton at night and also spending the next day with him. I traded off one of my ponies which had been sick and could not travel. We swam Hatchie River a small stream in Tennessee. In doing this I ran some risk, as my horse was not a good swimmer and forced me to get off in the middle of the stream. After getting across all safe, we were asked to pay for swimming. This was new to us, as we had been accustomed to swim where we pleased. We refused and, to

avoid an unpleasant confab with a woman, drove on. We spent one day in Jackson, Tennessee, and then proceeded without interruption to Lexington, where we arrived on the 30th day of October.

After seeing my friends at college, I continued to Brother J. A. Gano's in Bourbon County. Our stock were poor, and as it was too late to make sales, we put them on grass and let them winter. They had cost us about $50.00 on the head. Brother Gano turned over to me all the profits of the trip, not more than $150.00. While I was at home, my father gave me a horse, which I sold for $122.50, and also a debt of $35.00 on Brother Wilmeth, making in all about $300.00. I was thus enabled to enter school again with some money to back me.

CHAPTER IX

COLLEGE AGAIN

Under more favorable circumstances than the year before, I matriculated in the Bible College, continuing through the session, with the exception of a few days' sickness which I spent at Brother Gano's.

During November, I attended a meeting at Lexington held by the brethren Gano, during which about fifty persons were added to the congregation. I spent the remainder of the year at school, studying. Once I preached at the Republican Church, so called because it was ruled by republican principles; that is, it was governed by majority rule.

Christmas I spent at Brother Gano's. Christmas Day I accompanied Brother J. B. Wilmeth to Leesburg, where he preached. We also visited the church at Providence, Jessamine County.

I set in with the new year of 1869 and worked hard the rest of the winter. On the 10th of January I preached at Bethany, Jessamine County. I spent three days at Brother Messick's in Nicholsville, and then went back near Bethany and married Mr. Philip Surface to Mrs. M. W. Masters. This was one of my first experiences in this line of business. I was much embarrassed when the couple entered the room, but soon

recovered to coolness and did the work up right. I had a pleasant time that evening with some ladies.

Though I was in school all the month of April, I visited the sick and poor of the city. During the latter part of the month, I was sick myself for a few days. After a week, my health was better and I returned to school, but for a while I was not able to study much.

CHAPTER X

EVANGELIZING IN MY NATIVE TENNESSEE

I attended the commencement exercises at the College, which closed at noon on June 11th, and at two o'clock I started, in company with G. B. Connell, for Middle Tennessee. We arrived at Gallatin on the twelfth at eight o'clock in the morning and took the stage for Castalian Springs. There were no railroads through that country. The stage was a two-horse vehicle, something like a cab, closed up, the driver sitting outside. I had lived as a child in the vicinity of Castalian Springs. I visited a cousin and his family there and some friends whom I had not seen for eleven years.

On Sunday I went to hear my old teacher, John Rice, preach. A large house for worship stood where I had once played; the old log schoolhouse was altered, and the mates of my youth were gone. Eleven years had been a long time, and there had been a war meanwhile.

On the fifteenth, we crossed the Cumberland River and went to Grandfather Horn's, who was then near eighty years old. We found him and Grandmother well. The old homestead had changed in appearance so that I hardly recognized it. The locust trees still stood in the yard, and the spring was still there, but the syca-

more tree that had shaded it for more than a half-century was gone.

I visited the Cumberland at a point where I had gone many times to see the boats as they moved along on the smooth surface, and I walked down the familiar path to my old fishing place.

Then we started on foot for a journey of three or four miles, which, from the heat of the summer, was quite an undertaking. On account of rain we did not begin a meeting until the next day at eleven, when I spoke to a small audience in a schoolhouse. Brother Connell and I also conducted a meeting at Payne's schoolhouse, near Enon College, with thirty-one additions. Some of these were from the Baptists, others from the Methodists and Presbyterians. These two weeks I enjoyed more than I had ever done before.

I never witnessed a happier scene than one laid in a gap between bluffs on the Cumberland. It was on the 16th of July, and the water was clear and calm. A large concourse of people was present to witness the immersion of ten persons. We staked canoes together in a circle so that we would not get too far out. I immersed the number, taking them into the water in two's. There were several couples of men and their wives, and we always took man and wife together. They would lock arms and join hands before being put under. Some hearts were too full to restrain their feelings, and we had some rejoicing, which caused the news to go forth that those persons had heartfelt religion. But their religion always came after obedience to Christ, and not from feelings wrought to a high pitch by excitement.

While preaching here, I formed many pleasant acquaintances. As I was not too old to be subject to the darts of Cupid, I soon found myself especially pleased with the company of Miss M. C. Franklin, whose modesty of deportment and simplicity of manners won my admiration. I took pains to cultivate her acquaintance, making a visit to her father's in company with Miss Jennie Martin. This proved to be only the beginning of many visits, the object of which will be seen hereafter.

On the 23rd, we came to Coram's Hill and began a meeting in the Baptist church. Sunday morning their regular preacher, John Rice, spoke for them. He started to prove that repentance preceded faith, but misquoted a Biblical passage: "Godly sorrow works repentance in order to salvation that needs not to be repented of." He left out "repentance," which changed the sense entirely.

After the services, I went to him, as was the custom, and called his attention to the error, but he refused to explain it. He said, "I have no corrections to make." He had but one eye and could not see well, but I think it was his "inward eye" that caused him to misread the Bible.

In the evening we went to the woods to commune, as we were refused the house. We sang the song beginning, "What poor despised company," while they stood afar off.

It may have been that we were bitter, but there was perhaps no more fervor in our action than in a similar case, of which I have heard. A rich man lived in a small village where there were several churches. He did not belong to either of them, though all wanted his mem-

bership. The Christian church tried to get him; then the Baptists did what they could to bring him into the fold; next the Presbyterians did their best to draw him into their church. At last, one Sunday night the Methodists landed him. Immediately the pastor exclaimed fervently to the choir leader: "Strike up that grand old hymn, 'Tis Done, the Great Transaction's Done'."

I spent the day with Mrs. Bentley and later came to Dr. Hearn's for tea. I met the Misses Bentley, who had been my old schoolmates, and had a pleasant time with them and Squire Young, my old teacher and a man whom I loved much. On Tuesday I visited Squire E. Swaney, who was eighty-nine. He expressed himself as being very glad to see me in my native land again. He was living only for this world, yet he was intending to get to Heaven on his Freemasonry. He was so deaf that I could not talk with him as I wished to do.

On Saturday, July 31st, I dined with Dr. Little. He was a Primitive Baptist, but his daughter was much interested in her soul's welfare and invited me to dine. She told me that she believed we were preaching the truth and that she was only waiting to read her Testament once more before she confessed her Saviour and put Him on in Baptism. I asked her if she had her life insured for that long. She said not and seemed to reflect upon the fact that she was liable to be cut off without hope, and that night she came forward and made the good confession with five others. I immersed one in the evening. Brother Connell, who had been absent, joined me at the water. Sunday evening I im-

mersed eight more. There was a very large crowd present to witness this. Brother Connell preached at night, one colored man declaring himself for the Saviour.

We continued to hold meetings with much success. On Saturday, August 21st, we met in the woods near Brother John Franklin's in Sumner County and organized a congregation of sixty-two members. I preached to them in the afternoon on Christian duties. Brother Connell preached in a schoolhouse at night, with two confessions as a result. On the following morning I immersed them and then went to a grove and spoke to a very large audience.

During the following week Brother Connell left me to visit some relatives in Robertson County. I continued to preach and organized a new congregation of twenty-three members in Wilson County. Some people would walk five miles to hear the Gospel. One couple walked that far to get married.

The last day of August I visited my relatives in Lebanon. On the way I met a Hardshell Baptist and had a discussion, or confab rather, with him. He argued predestination. I said, "Greene, you say salvation is not of him that wills or of him that runs but of the Lord. Now, Greene, are you willing to be saved?" He answered, "Of course, I'm willing." I said, "Well, you're left out."

September 1st I bade my relatives good-bye and spent the night at Brother S. C. Franklin's. I then made a visit to Epperson Springs and preached one night. Epperson Springs, situated in Macon County, are kept as a place of resort for the weak and all who desire the water during the summer. The hotel and

rooms are on an elevated spot with a beautiful view. Just below in the valley are black, white, and red sulphur waters, also others equally good for medical uses. It would be a beautiful location for a school.

This is high rich land and well set with heavy timber. The land is moderately productive, the soil of a sandy nature. It is a well-watered part of the world. The streams are clear, with a blue cast; the water is freestone. I would like to take some of the trees and some of the large springs back to the Texas prairies.

CHAPTER XI

A FINAL YEAR OF COLLEGE

On Friday, September 10th, I started for Lexington. Monday I again matriculated in the Bible College, where I continued without interruption until the last of December.

Late in September I received a letter from home telling of the death of my brother, A. J. A. Horn. He died on the 13th inst. Oh! what horror the grave, had we no Redeemer! I wrote to console my parents.

> Dearest brother, thou has left us,
> Here thy loss we deeply feel;
> But 'tis God that has bereft us,
> He can all our sorrows heal.

On Saturday, October 9th, Brother C. M. Wilmeth and I came from Fayette to Madison, intending to preach at Little Bethel. We saw much beautiful scenery on the Kentucky River. One scene. however, we did not admire, although we were the actors. While coming up the steep river bank, our horse choked down and fell over a ledge some fifteen feet high, upsetting the buggy and throwing us into the water. I lit on my feet, and when I looked around I saw Brother W. and horse and buggy all in a confused mass. We got wet and muddy, besides breaking our buggy and harness. It

was only by the hand of Providence that we were preserved from serious injury, if not sudden death. We went to Brother William Haden's and dried our garments and spent the night. The next day I preached to a large audience.

Two weeks later I preached to the negroes at their churchhouse in Lexington. Not long afterward there was much excitement among the negroes because of the falling of the floor in their Baptist church. Several were killed outright and many were injured.

One more month was then numbered with the past. With it many souls had taken their flight to eternity. I am minded of an old Irishman who frequently takes a long sigh, stretches himself in every direction to his full stature, and drawls out, "Another day ended, another day nearer the grave." But it is a serious thought, and one that may well give us pause.

During this year I read a good deal outside of my college requirements. I started out on *The Right Relation of the Sexes,* a work on phrenology and physiology, by S. R. Wells. It contains much good advice to old and young on the subject of happiness in the married state. Sometimes the author gives a sprinkle of wit, though generally speaking, his jokes are old. He shows that the true principle upon which to base affection is moral excellence. He exposes the evils of celibacy as it now exists, showing that the married live longer and more happily and are an honor to the nation and to society. He opposes all consanguineous marriages on the principle that God does not approve of them. I also read *The Holy Land and Its Story,* an interesting and instructive description of the Holy Land, by Dr.

Burt; likewise *The History of Sectarianville,* a ninety-six page pamphlet by C. L. Fillmore, exposing the fallacy of sectarian creeds as a basis of union for churches. Then I went carefully through a Rhetoric by Quackenbos and a small treatise on prayer by R. Milligan.

In poetry, I read *Bitter Sweet,* by Holland. It sets forth the realities of existence, showing that life is not all sweets but is made up of sorrows and pleasures. I also read Pope's *Essay on Man,* culling from it a few excellent quotations:

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
>
> Two principles in human nature reign;
> Self-love to urge and reason to restrain.
>
> Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate.
> Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
> Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.
>
> Honor and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies.
>
> An honest man's the noblest work of God.

December I spent mostly in the college. Friday the 17th I started for Tennessee via Louisville. On the train I read in the *Memoirs* of A. Campbell, making no attempt to sleep. I felt sorry for one poor woman on the

cars with two little children. She seemed alone, as to help, but there was nothing I could do for her. The next morning after seven we arrived at Gallatin, where I took the stage for Hartsville. Opposite Brother Franklin's I left the stage and walked out to the house, where I had a warm reception. I preached the next day and at night we sang. Then I visited my old grandparents in Wilson County, and found them in usual health.

The following Thursday I went, in company with Brother Lipscomb, to Brother Franklin's, where he married Mr. C. Royster and Miss Josie Franklin. We had a very nice crowd.

After dinner we started in buggies for the reception in Smith County, some twenty-five miles distant. The road was very bad until we reached the pike. Then we glided along like birds on the wing, arriving about dark. We found a large crowd present and had a pleasant time. The next morning Sister Mittie and I came back to Hartsville and stopped at Sister Shy's until evening; then we went to Brother Bennett's. I made an effort to raise some money to aid the brethren at Rock Creek in building a house for worship.

We attended an exhibition given at the Methodist Episcopal Church by Professor Gray's School. In some respects it was equal to a stag dance, but in others it was conducted in good taste. Several of the essays by young ladies were good and some of the speeches by the boys, but the effect was spoiled by a play called "The Dancing Dutchman." They made as much noise as a "darky dance" on a puncheon floor.

Christmas Day being rowdy's day on the streets, I

kept my room until late. When I did go forth, I saw some things that made me feel sad. O Whisky, what a curse thou art! Dear Youth, touch not, taste not, handle not—if you would live for Heaven.

On Sunday I preached to the people, exposing the practice of dram drinking. On the 28th we went to the creek near Brother James Anthony's and I immersed Mrs. Carson. The weather was cold even for December, and I got chilled in the water. I spent the night pleasantly at Brother F.'s, as usual in conversation with the homefolks along religious lines, I went to Brother Anthony's on the next night, but was suffering so much from cold that I was not able to preach. After singing and prayer I dismissed the audience and retired, feeling badly.

New Year's Day, 1870, found me among the guests at the Willard Hotel in Louisville on my way back to school.

Monday, the 24th of January, I had to give the parting hand to Brother G. F. Connell. He left for his home in California. I was sorry to say farewell to one whom I had known only to love. How true it is that the dearest friends must part in this world! I preached a few times during February and March, but I spent March mostly in Lexington—was sick some during this month. I visited Brother J. A. Gano's once during April, and spent two days at R. Roberts' in company with several ladies. It snowed all day on the 17th. This was late for such a snow storm.

I visited Paris on the 23rd for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions for the *Memoirs* of A. Campbell. I formed some pleasant acquaintances and old Brother

Stemmons gave me some good books: *A Commentary on Romans,* 1832; *A Commentary on Hebrews,* 1833; Triglott's *Evangelists,* 1834. I stopped at Brother Garrard's, where I was made to feel at home. I was pleased with his daughter, Anna. I found her more devoted to Christianity than any other young lady whom I had met in that fashionable country. She was also a domestic lady, very fond of flowers, which she took great pains to cultivate in her yard. Brother G. had a lovely residence near Paris. On Monday morning I arose at five o'clock and found the air fragrant with the blossoms, and heard the sweet voice of the songsters, chanting praise to their Maker. The yard looked so inviting that I walked out in it and viewed nature's loveliness.

May 1st I attended preaching at the Christian Church on Broadway. Brother McGarrey preached the first discourse given by our people in this house, as we had just purchased it from the Presbyterians. The next Sunday I preached at Little Hickman on the subject, What is Baptism? I had a good hearing, but no additions. The next morning I came to Lexington with Brother Easley in a spring wagon.

Lexington was crowded with people, as it was court day. Few stock were sold, but the *Yankeys* were busy selling goods and patent medicines on the streets. Some called the crowds by music on violins, others by singing sentimental songs. All seemed to work for the "mighty dollar." I met some lady acquaintances from the country, who were in town shopping despite the clouds and rainy day.

Students were leaving us daily for their homes or

fields of labor. I looked with bright anticipation to the close of this session, as I was anxious to see my friends and labor in love. On the fifth Lord's day in May I went to the famous old Cane Ridge church, which I have already named, in Bourbon County, and preached. On the morrow I returned to Lexington and prepared for the examinations. They closed on the second of June.

CHAPTER XII

PREACHING, MARRIAGE, TEACHING

June 3rd I took the train for Louisville. Learning that I could not leave Nashville before midnight, I sought out my old roommate, Brother F. W. Pattie, who was then clerking on Main Street. We visited the railroad bridge across the Ohio. Built on strong pillars and a mile and fifteen feet in length, it will allow several trains to cross at a time. One portion turns for boats to pass under. It is beautiful when lighted at night. We took dinner at the Currier House. In the evening we visited the most attractive portions of the city. The first was the Ancient and Modern Church, where Dr. W. H. Hobson then labored. This was an elegant building costing $100,000.

We next went to the cemetery. It seemed to have been designed as a house for the dead. I saw one vault of marble—clear and white. A monument erected by a father to the memory of his only daughter was beautiful, bearing the statue of father, mother, and daughter.

On returning from the cemetery we inspected the Jewish synagogue. As it was the evening for worship, we entered and were shown seats. The house was magnificent, having cost $240,000. In front of the pulpit on either side was a candlestick after the likeness of the one made by Moses. The people came in, some

with hats on, and when they had gathered, the priests came out and one of them offered a prayer to God. I observed the audience gazing at each other; indeed, no one seemed to pay the slightest attention to what he was saying. The "organ grinders" began their work and the priest sang in the Hebrew language. He read portions of the law in Hebrew, then sang again with the choir. The High Priest spoke for a few minutes on the character and mission of Moses, after which there was another song and the audience was dismissed.

I felt very well paid for my visit, as I had known very little of God's ancient people in modern times.

At night we visited the Salt House, said to be the finest hotel in the West. It cost about two and a half million dollars and is the best furnished house I ever saw. It is seven stories high and covers an acre of ground. Persons go to their rooms by an elevator run by steam. The fare per day is five dollars. From the upper stories one has an excellent view of the city, also of the railroad bridge. The lower floor and basement are of marble, checked off in black and white squares.

At midnight we started for Gallatin, arriving at eight o'clock in the morning. I took passage on a hack for Smith's, where I borrowed a horse and came to Brother S. C. Franklin's and met my friends.

On Wednesday, the 15th of June, I spoke to the people assembled at Brother Anthony's, after which one came forward and confessed his faith in the Christ. He was a young man of bad moral character, having been addicted to drinking. While I had fears that he would not prove true to his Master, yet I could not judge his motive, but must in obedience to the "com-

mission" immerse the "believer". When he presented himself for immersion the tears were fast falling from his eyes, showing that his heart was touched by the love of God which was now leading him to the path of duty. May he be faithful until death!

On Friday I went to see my old grandfather, now in his eightieth year. I found him very feeble. His disease was said to be "dropsy of the heart." He seemed to have much difficulty in breathing while lying on his back. On Saturday he was apparently much better, and, as I had an appointment to preach on the day following, I left him and crossed the Cumberland River. I spent the night near Hartsville, riding fifteen miles the next morning to meet my appointment. On the morrow I started to Carthage, Smith County, expecting to begin a meeting at night. I met Captain Duffy, who had been so kind as to print notices of my meeting and tack them up. Brother Wilmeth arrived shortly after I did, and we met at the "Methodist House," where I spoke on the *Study of the Scriptures,* alleging that if God had made a revelation to man it was for man's good; that if man was to live by it it was intelligible. I also showed that the Scriptures was a unit—that the Bible revealed to man a plan of Salvation which was perfect, and perfectly adapted to man's wants—and that interpretation of the Bible was the same as interpretation of other books of like antiquity. After some illustrations, with an exhortation to my hearers to "search the Scriptures," I closed, announcing a meeting for the following day at the same place.

On the next night we were surprised to find that the Methodists had locked their doors against us, but

some of our Presbyterian friends had prepared their house for us. Had we been infidels, then there would have been an excuse for forbidding us the use of their church, or had we been more destitute of moral training or of piety, then certainly they would have had some semblance of a reason.

Carthage is one of the oldest towns in Middle Tennessee. It is small and was in a very dilapidated state at that time. The people had heard the inconsistencies of the Methodists until they were entirely indifferent to the subject of *religion*. They had one dance while we were there and manifested much interest in it. The Stoics never were more indifferent to their eternal welfare.

On Friday, the 1st of July, I visited some sick in Sumner, then crossed the Cumberland River and went to my grandmother's. There I learned that my grandfather had been dead for some ten days. When I bade him adieu I had thought to see him again, but Death's keen sickle cut him down ere I had returned from my meeting.

He was born on the 12th of February, 1791, and died on the 21st of June, 1870. He had been married fifty-five years, during which time he had lived in peace with his companion. They had shared each the other's fortunes and misfortunes, supported each other in grief and cheered each other in gladness, but Death snapped the cord that bound them together and they parted. They had both been members of the Baptist church for forty years.

* * *

On July 8th I started in company with Brother Thos. H. Bates for "Retreat," a little church near Epperson Springs. We arrived at Brother S. A. Carman's for tea and then went to the meeting-house, where I spoke to the people. I visited the Springs the next morning, returning in time to hear Brother Bates preach.

The people in this part of the State are illiterate and require a course of training similar to that pursued in teaching children their letters. Their minds have been prejudiced by the preaching of the ignorant and bigoted of the land. The Truth is all powerful and will over-ride prejudice if only presented in a forcible manner. This we endeavored to do.

I became a good deal interested in these people and studied them carefully, hoping to get their interest and attention and bring them to a knowledge of the true Christ. I found that money was scarce, though the people had little need of ready money, as they raised and canned nearly all their food, spun and wove all their clothing, and made their own shoes and boots. Taxes were light, often not more than fifty cents a year. On the 2nd of February, after the annual tax had been paid, the man of the family would begin to save in order to put by enough cash for the next payment.

Marriage licenses cost fifty cents in Tennessee, and nothing, so it was said, across the line in Kentucky; so young couples wanting to get married and not having the necessary funds would walk across the boundary into the adjoining state to have the knot tied. One fellow sold his razor for fifty cents to get his license

money. He said that a fellow had no use for a razor after he was married.

On one occasion, two of the mountain boys were lounging around the old country store. After they had given everything a looking-over, they bought a glass of whisky with a nickel. One of them drank half of it and gave the other half to his brother. Then they bought a five-cent cigar with their other nickel, and, cutting it in two, each began puffing away on his half. Suddenly Josh blurted out: "By gad, Silas, if Pap knowed we wus on this here tear, he'd beat the breeches off'n us!" I imagine they suffered from the cigar before they got home, even if they were able to hide it from the old man.

At this same store, a farmer bought a dime-cut of tobacco, and placed a large pumpkin weighing perhaps forty pounds on the counter to pay for the twist. The merchant without saying a word reached under the counter and rolled out nine little pumpkins for change.

I also learned of two old men who lived back on the Cumberland River in East Tennessee. They were always at outs with one another and never met without having some hot words. Uncle Bill was seventy-five and Uncle Dan was eighty-five years old. One day up at the store, they got into such a quarrel that they came to blows. They fought it out, and Uncle Dan whipped Uncle Bill soundly. The on-lookers teased Uncle Bill about letting his ancient enemy whip him. He retorted, "Wal, he should er whipped me, shoulden' he? Arn't he ten years older 'en I am?"

In general the people were very superstitious, a bit uncanny even in some of their beliefs. One woman told

about seeing her mother's ghost when she was living in the foothills of the Great Smoky Mountains. About dusk the woman went to the spring to get butter for supper, and was walking along a narrow footpath lined on each side by high weeds. Suddenly she looked up and saw her mother walking along a few feet in front of her. The old woman was dressed in a black skirt and a white bask. Her black hair was combed sleek back upon her head. She walked without making a sound and without so much as moving a weed along the path. Her clothes seemed to glide through the leaves of the weeds that protruded beyond the edge of the path. Knowing that her mother had not been well for several days, she was surprised at seeing her out and exclaimed, "Mother, what are you doing out in the evening air?" She received no answer, and her mother glided on towards the house. She called again, and still no answer. Then she turned her head for a moment, and, when she looked back, her mother had disappeared. The old woman died the next day, and when dressed for burial, she wore exactly the same kind of clothes that her ghost had worn as it walked along the path.

Also there were many who believed that the shooting or falling of stars portended the immediate coming of the Judgment. Uncle Dan, an ardent and devout customer of the distillery, came home drunk one night, and just as he got fast asleep, the stars began to fall thick and fast. His wife rushed in where he lay snoring, and, turning him over, exclaimed excitedly, "Dan, Dan, git up! Don't yer know that ther Judgment-day's a comin'?"

Uncle Dan half awoke and grunted out, "Ah, leave me sleep! Whoever hearn of ther Judgment-day ercomin' et night?"

Another time Uncle Dan was going down the river with his nephews who were taking a load of grain on a flat-boat to Nashville. When they came in sight of the city, Uncle Dan was all eyes, for this was his first visit. They saw some men working on top of a three-story building, and one of the nephews asked, "Uncle Dan, how would you like to be up there?"

Uncle Dan studied for only a moment. "Wal, I dunno. That's too fur up fer yer Uncle Dan. I don't want ter be any higher up than pullin' fodder nor any lower down than diggin' pertaters."

Some of the Confederate soldiers camped in this community for a while during the war. They had several large camp-kettles in which they cooked their food. On one occasion they robbed a country store and got a bushel basket of rice. The cook proceeded to boil all of it at once. It began to swell, and as it swelled, the cook dipped some of it into another kettle. Before he had finished cooking that bushel of rice, he had every camp-kettle full and rice all over the ground until one could not step without stepping in boiled rice.

One man said that the soldiers in the East were sometimes very wasteful, because they did not know how to save food and because they had no way of carrying it from one camp to another and did not want to leave it for the enemy. The soldiers took all of this man's corn and meat with the exception of some shelled corn that he had hidden. His father was in the army but not near home, so it was up to this man, then a

mere stripling, and his mother to save what they could. He built a double-walled corn-crib and put the corn on the ear in the center and then poured the shelled corn between the walls. From a hidden spout at the bottom, he would draw out the corn as he needed it. The soldiers never suspected that they had not got all of his mother's corn.

Perhaps the most popular ceremony in this section was a wedding. I went to a good many weddings, sometimes performing the marriage. Once there were over two hundred uninvited guests. The news had been passed from mouth to mouth through the mountains, and every one who heard came. They came down through the passes singly and in groups. Some of them walked barefooted for many miles. Others rode a-mule-back with their bare feet almost touching the ground. Some of the men and women had gone barefooted so long that the center of their feet was the lowest part and that when they stepped in the sand they left little round holes about the size of door-knobs. Their feet were large and their legs very slender, so that they somewhat resembled pins stuck in pumpkin seeds.

The wedding feast lasted for three days and nights. Sheep were barbecued, hogs were roasted whole, many chickens and geese lost their lives, and old Bourbon flowed freely. There was also an old-time corn-shucking, in which every boy did his best to find a red ear, because for every red ear he found he could claim a kiss.

It requires much teaching to enlighten such persons. Our meeting grew in interest, but people did not seem ready to obey Christ. I meditated much at this time

upon man's fallen condition and my mind reverted to his primitive state of happiness. I beheld the happy pair as they walked hand in hand among the shady bowers of Eden—made in the image of Jehovah-God. With this picture I compared man's present state, in which sin and sorrow play so large a part. But by faith we look for a home beyond this Vale of Tears, where no sorrow ever comes, where all is bright; where ties of love will never again be severed but all will be joy and peace forever.

On Monday, July 18th, I preached at the Springs and closed the meeting.

Later in the week I rode to Hartsville, where I met Sisters Lucy and Mittie Franklin enroute for Mrs. Bayster's in Smith County. After attending to some matters in town, I joined them on their journey. We halted above Dixon Springs, a little village on the road, and partook of some refreshments which the girls had brought along. While our "pic-nic" was not attended with music and dancing, it was by no means an uninteresting affair. The sun was at his meridian and shading was by no means unpleasant. After resting for a few moments, we started for Dr. Henry's, where we soon arrived and found Sister Josie Rayster. We remained until evening and then accompanied Mrs. Rayster home. Several persons called at night.

Then I rested, wrote letters, preached, and visited. One day I took tea at Dr. Hall's and spent the evening there. Sister Della and I went to hear a Methodist preacher. He spoke on sorrow as applicable to Christ. His speech was written and memorized, and he spoke like a student on exhibition at college.

On Monday, August 8th, our meeting closed at Union with four additions, all from the world. On the 9th Brother MacWilmeth and I came to Brother Smith's and spent a short time. We took a moonlight walk after tea. My partner was Sister M. Franklin.

> The night was beautiful beyond description's ken,
> While Zephyrs gentle fanned the moistened brow;
> The heavenly planets all their aid did lend,
> And from the hill the limpid waters flow.

The next week I began a meeting at Robertson's Schoolhouse. There were large crowds and much interest. Wednesday morning we met to set things in better order in the congregation. After I had called the male members together in a grove, the brethren decided that we should have an additional number of Elders and Deacons. At his request Brother Pat Carey was relieved of the Elder's duty; Brother Lam Watson was then chosen in his place. Brethren Wilson and Jas. Anthony were also elected Elders. Brothers Mark Badget and Henry Sacna were chosen as Deacons. Afterwards I put the minutes before the whole congregation and they were unanimously adopted. Then I brought a case of disorder before the church. The brother acknowledged his sin and was forgiven.

On Saturday the 20th, I went to Hartsville and saw the brethren who proposed giving a school at that place. Through Dr. Crenshaw I made application for conducting the Male Academy.

Lord's day I went to the woods and preached to a large crowd on "The Beginning Place." The trustees had turned me out of the schoolhouse the night before,

notwithstanding no one used it at 11 A. M. I immersed three persons in the evening, after reviewing a "harangue" by a Methodist preacher (Pitman). When I had finished, the people invited me to return to the house, saying I was welcome. Sectarianism was going by the board in this part of the world.

I went home with Mittie, arriving after midnight. There I received a note from Dr. Crenshaw informing me that I was voted teacher of the Academy. Mittie and I rejoiced, because it meant that we twain could shortly be made one.

Later in the week Brother Bates left me for Kentucky. I hated to see him go as I knew I would most likely meet him no more until the Judgment. He returned to Lexington to finish his course at college and then went back to his home in Australia.

Wednesday, September 7, 1870, was a big day for me. Brother Wilmeth and I came to Hartsville in the morning and, after going to the creek and bathing, I went to the Clerk's Office and took out a license to marry. We dressed at Captain Ellis's and at five-thirty we started for Brother S. C. Franklin's, some three miles in the country.We went out in buggies, with Mrs. Shy of Hartsville, Miss Laura Ford of Glasgow, Kentucky, Mr. John Andrews and Mr. Wesley Pursley of Hartsville, Mr. Wilmeth and Mr. Pursley were my attendants. We arrived about twenty minutes after seven and five minutes later I walked into the parlor. We were marrid by Brother W. F. Todd of Wilson County. Misses Sally Dickenson and Lucy Franklin attended the bride.

Thus I passed out of the "Bacheloric State" in the

26th year, 4th month, and 11th day of my life, marrying a lady in the 20th year, 9th month, and 2nd day of hers. I felt very happy to know that Mildred Catherine Franklin was now Mildred Catherine Horn, that I could no longer be called an "Old Bach." The day had been beautiful and it was such a night as lovers often dream of.

The next day we drove to Castalian Springs and got some sulphur water, returning to Uncle John Franklin's for dinner. Saturday we went to a floating gallery on the Cumberland and had some "Gems" taken.

I believe that marriage is a divine institution and that mates are providentially brought together. If anyone had told me when I was eighteen years old that I would marry in any place except in Collin County, I should have told him that he was foolish. I went to the war, and when I came back I had absolutely no desire to marry and not the least notion of so doing. I wanted to go to Australia as a missionary; in fact, I had laid my plans to that effect. But I met *her* and she spoiled all my plans and ruined a good missionary; instead of going to Australia, I came back to Texas, and am doing my work here. Mittie has done the missionary work—in looking after me.

On the 16th we went to Smith County and spent the night with C. E. Rayster and wife, who were now my brother and sister. The following morning we started for Rome, a town on the south side of the Cumberland River, where I had an appointment to preach at night and on Lord's day. We found the way exceedingly rough, and when we were in three miles of the place, the spindle of our buggy broke. As if Providence had

guided us, it happened within two hundred yards of a blacksmith shop belonging to a Brother Blankenship. He mended it and we were enabled to reach Rome before night. I had a good hearing and regretted having to leave the next morning, but my school was to begin on the following day. We dined at Mr. Ewing's and then came via Dixon Springs to Hartsville, intending to reach home by dark. When in a mile of home another spindle broke and left us in the road afoot. Storing away our luggage with a gentleman living near by, we borrowed a saddle, and mounting my horse, I took my wife behind me and rode home in the style of ancient days. We could now fully appreciate the stories of our grandparents concerning their modes of travel. I felt a little cheap going home with *double teams,* but wisdom says, "When you are caught in a snap, make it for the best." Afterwards we laughed heartily over it.

The Male Academy in Hartsville was in a bad state having borne the burden of imposition for some years. I determined to give an "impetus" to it, if possible.

Believing that I should mark off what I expected of the boys and then hew to the line, I drew up and posted these rules for their conduct:

1. Books will be called by the ringing of the bell.
2. Everything opposed to good order and decorum is forbidden during hours of study.
3. Neither oaths nor obscene language will be tolerated.
4. Students are forbidden to quarrel, fight, or *even* "give the lie."
5. Students must not go to town without permission from the teacher.

6. Students must not cut or mark the house, or anything belonging thereto.

7. Students breaking lights out of windows are required to make good the damage.

8. Boys are forbidden to run over fences in playing.

9. Students must not abuse stock or interfere with travellers.

10. Students are required to keep the seats assigned them, unless by permission a change is made.

11. The bringing of deadly weapons to school, *for any purpose, is not allowed.*

12. Intoxicating drink is forbidden.

13. Students are required to go directly home when dismissed.

14. Students are required to keep out of the water during school week.

15. All students of this school are required to go to the playgrounds near town at noon, and remain until I return from home.

Any one violating these rules will be punished by the lash or public dismissal from school.

The Academy opened with fifteen students. The second day the number increased to eighteen. During the week I had to punish some of the boys for disobedience. At first they were very bad; they did nothing but fight. I whipped one young man 21 years old. They had run off one teacher, but knowing that I was from Texas, and thinking I was handy with a six-gun, they obeyed me.

I continued my school with increased attendance until Thursday before Christmas. Then I gave recess for one week, and went to spend Christmas with friends and relatives. During the session I preached

regularly at Union, Sumner County, and at Antioch, Trousdale County, with occasional visits to other points. I also set in order a Sunday School in Hartsville and presided over it during the year.

While teaching in Hartsville, I was learning about as much as most of my pupils. One day I was called to go down into a rural community to marry a couple. I had a nice saddle horse and a good saddle but a very poor bridle. Thinking that I ought to be as presentable as possible on an occasion of this nature, I said to my wife, "I'll certainly get enough to buy me a new bridle on this trip. I'll go now and buy the bridle and pay for it when I return." It cost about $2.50. I told the clerk that I would pay him when I came back.

I rode down about eight miles and married the couple. When I had pronounced them man and wife, the bridegroom left the bride and went round and shook hands with all the people present, not waiting to be congratulated. When he came to me, he said, "Parson, I'll see you again." But up to this day he has not seen me. The bride's mother gave me a cake to take to my wife. When Mittie cut it, she found that it had been sweetened not with sugar but with sorghum.

* * *

In looking back over 1870, I could see many moments misspent. Dr. Franklin says, "Time is money," but it seems to me more precious than all the ore of the earth. On New Year's Day, 1871, we met at the church under the guidance of Him who spoke the world into existence, even while time was unknown. After Brother Crenshaw had read with some

comments and Brother Lawrence had led us in prayer, I spoke on the importance of practical Christianity.

The next morning I entered the schoolroom again. Several new students came in, swelling the number to fifty-two.

Mittie and I attended prayer meeting on Thursday night, and found more present than usual. We had a discussion as to the propriety of engaging in a young men's prayer meeting composed of all denominations. I saw no impropriety in so doing, but Brother J. R. Crenshaw was opposed to any communion with the other denominations in worship. I think this an extreme of more harm than good, for, if Paul could become all things to all men in order to win souls to Christ, we may, if not forbidden by the Spirit, take part in the good things of errorists in order that we may teach them the way of the Lord more perfectly. Caution is always necessary in such cases, but let our zeal be according to our knowledge. Paul would enter into the Jewish Synagogues in order to speak for Jesus and would take advantage of the heathen worship to explain the true religion of Christ.

I taught regularly the following school-week; that is, until Friday afternoon. In addition, I went over o the church-house and sang with the Sunday School children for an hour, attended prayer meeting Thursday night, and on the next evening went to the schoolhouse and had a spelling match. We used Webster's "Blue-Back" Speller, in which we found plenty of ammunition. I also did some rather interesting reading during the week—finished the *Christ of History*, by Young, which is a tolerably good work, and then read

Grace and Good Works, by President R. Milligan. The latter is a tract of fifty pages, and is well worthy the attention of Christians. I was much pleased also with Young's book. It seems that the author's object is to show that the outward circumstances of Christ's life, in connection with his teaching and general character, are accounted for only on the hypothesis that He was Divine as well as human. I also read some in Broadus's "Homiletics" for learning's sake.

I received a letter from Brother J. C. Oliver of Baldwyn, Mississippi, asking me to enter the field as an evangelist, also an invitation to attend a consultation at that place. Circumstances compelled me to decline both, but I gave him an answer. I felt that God needed me at home more than elsewhere.

One day I taught till noon, and then harnessed my horse to my new buggy, which I had made, and Mittie and I started to Gallatin to hear Brother Gano. The audience was large, and the sermon tolerably good, but there were no visible results. Brother Gano, though not one of our finest scholars, is one of our most successful evangelists. His style is very persuasive and his heart speaks to the people.

On Thursday we received a letter from my brother in Texas and learned that all were well at home. Sister Mildred had married a Mr. Weeks, a carpenter by trade. Uncle James Carruth's boys, the oldest and the second, had turned out badly and had left him to mourn. I guess they thought they had to sow their wild oats by drinking and gambling; but oh! what sorrow such acts bring to loved ones.

After reading my letters, I wrote some advertise-

ments for my school, and then in the evening went to the schoolhouse and conducted another spelling match. I had trained the boys pretty well with daily head-mark spelling lessons, in which I required them to spell the word correctly and then use it in a sentence. The pupil spelling the word and showing its meaning by its use in a sentence was permitted to "turn down" the one not doing so, and thereby take a step nearer "head."

Many of the schools of the time used this method. There was always great rivalry for the most head-marks, for the pupil getting the greatest number within a given time received a prize, sometimes a box of red-striped candy. One Thursday afternoon Mr. Tom Lewis, the teacher, was holding his daily spelling lesson at an old schoolhouse. Bill was at foot, as usual, when Mr. Lewis gave out the word "income" to Mack Perry, who was a good speller and at the head of the class on that day. He spelled the word all right but could not give the sentence. "Next," called Mr. Lewis. The next boy missed the sentence, and so on down to Bill. For once he had learned to spell the word, and he knew how to use it without looking it up. So he straightened back like a rookie soldier at attention and began: "I-n, 'in'; c-o-m-e, 'come'; i-n-c-o-m-e, 'IN-COME'! The man opened the door and *in-come* the dog!" "Well, Bill," said Mr. Lewis, "I'll let you go ahead on your originality." And Bill, having not the least idea what he meant, took for himself the coveted position. His classmates shot hot looks at him, but looks affected him little. He had won his first—and what proved to be his only—head-mark.

There were several visitors present at our match, and I was glad that the boys did tolerably well. The school was pronounced a success. To add spice to the spelling contest, I had the pupils write on the blackboard such test puzzles as, "shoot a shoat through a chute," and "pare a pear with a pair of scissors," or "I peel an apple and hear a peal of thunder." Some of the boys were quick at this kind of exercise; others would get the spelling all mixed up and quit in disgust.

One Monday I taught until noon and then went with my school in procession to deposit the remains of old Brother Locke. I took my pupils to the funeral because I was training them; I wanted to show the people what control I had over forty or fifty boys who were thought to be beyond it. We formed in line and marched to the grave in perfect order, much to the surprise of all present. After the grave was finished, in harmony with the wishes of the deceased, I offered a few remarks to encourage Christians and warn sinners.

I continued my school work during the remainder of February, but was also very busy at other things. On the night of the 18th, I went to the church and heard a lecture from Griffith. His subject was, "How We should Treat Those Who Differ With Us." He said some good things, but a more mixed or illogical effort I never heard by a man of his reputation. The next day I went out and raised, by subscription, about seventy-five dollars towards paying for our church-house. Then I went home and hauled some corn and put it away. At night I wrote some obituaries and then studied Latin till bedtime. The following Sunday I started to Antioch in

company with Brother George Martin to my appointment. We found it difficult to cross the creek on account of the high water. But we finally made it, and had a good crowd present. We talked to Brother Jas. Wilson, who had been drinking, with regard to his course, after which he made his acknowledgments and asked forgiveness of the brethren. He no longer felt worthy of filling the responsible office of Elder, and resigned his place.

During March I wrote some articles for the *Vidette*, whitewashed the inside of my house (we had no paper on the walls) and made it both pretty and sanitary, visited the sick, and buried the dead.

One Sunday, after a bath, I dressed for the occasion and married a couple, Miss Sophia McMurry and Mr. N. Scott, and then came to church in time for worship. After services we had a conference with J. L. Johnson in regard to his course (he having a tippling house), but failed to accomplish anything. He loved this world more than he loved God. I attended Sunday School at two o'clock and rode out in the evening with Mrs. Horn. After we came back, Dr. Crenshaw came over to chat with Sister Shy, who was living with us. It looked like a case.

John Hutchins was found dead on Saturday, April 16th, near his father's gate. He left town very drunk and was killed before he reached home. It was thought that he met his death by violent hands. It is horrible to think of a drunkard's grave. Hutchins's earthly remains were buried on Sunday about four o'clock, shortly after Sunday School—another victim of King Alcohol.

In addition to my regular duties, I had a pleasant experience the following Thursday, for on that day I united in matrimony Dr. J. R. Crenshaw and Mrs. Nannie B. Shy. Each was trying married life for the second time. May the Pavilion of adversity never overshadow their Shekinah of happiness! We went immediately to Dr. Crenshaw's and enjoyed an old-fashioned luxurious "infare." "Pies and things" were in abundance and cake went not a-begging.

* * *

The wedding was always a momentous occasion, in Texas as well as in Tennessee. Sometimes this solemn ceremony had to be postponed till a preacher would make the rounds in the neighborhood, and if the contracting parties were in much of a hurry, the Justice of the Peace would "do the hitching." The bride usually had several of her girl friends as attendants and the groom would have the same number of young men as waiters. When the hour arrived, the waiters, each with his attendant young lady, would file into the room and take their places; then would come bride and groom. There was a long ceremony, and the couple were pronounced "man and wife." The formal marriage always took place in the home of the bride—never at church. Then came the supper, consisting of everything the whole community could muster—cake covered with candy and pies in stacks of from four to six, and these stacks cut into quarters. The next day the infare followed, all parties going to the home of the parents of the groom for a specially prepared dinner.

* * *

After the infare, I returned home, and rested badly on a full stomach. The following evening I took my pupils to the Female School, where we were highly entertained by the young ladies. Mrs. Barksdale understood her business. She was not neglecting the elementary part of the educating, as so often was done. The following Friday afternoon I examined some classes. Mrs. Barksdale was present with her school. All my students acquitted themselves very well.

I went home, and, while cutting wood, learned that Harry Crenshaw and Edwards had shot at one another that day, but neither was hurt. The next morning I went down and voted in favor of permitting a railroad to be run through our section.

I carried out my usual program of worship on Sunday, and on Monday met with a committee on arrangement for a Sunday School picnic. I was chosen as Marshal of the day. During the remainder of the week I worked some in my garden, went out to the woods and cut some sticks for my beans, conducted a spelling match for my boys one evening, sang with the Sunday School children two or three nights, and read some in Cicero's Orations.

Our picnic came on Saturday, May 20th, our school holiday. We met at ten o'clock at the Christian Church on Main Street. After singing three songs, we had a prayer, and I gave the children some advice. Then we marched (brass band leading) down Main Street on the left, up again on the right, then along Church Street to the Academy grounds, where, after we had sung a couple of songs, we had an address from Mr. Griffin of Gallatin. He was a Baptist preacher, but

gave us a good talk. We sang another song and then ate dinner. I never saw food more bountifully spread for such an occasion. Every one had plenty and negroes carried home baskets full. We played until two o'clock to amuse the children, then marched to the Presbyterian Church on Becking Street, where, after three songs and some remarks from Captain McConnell, we adjourned. I came home very tired, but caught my horse, and, in company with Ed Averett, went to Bethel, Wilson County, and preached at night.

When I returned, I found Mittie sick in bed. As she was somewhat better by Monday morning, I went to my school work. The school was not all "in" on account of bad weather and muddy roads; so I had some time at my disposal, which I used in marking books and reading Latin. This rainy weather was in contrast to that of California, which, according to a letter from Brother Connell, was very dry. They were having a great drought there.

During the following week I went to Greenville Dalton's and hauled some corn for my horse. On my way back I saw a rabbit along a hedge, and while driving at a trot I threw a rock at it and killed it. The next Sunday I preached at Antioch to the largest crowd ever seen in the house. I came to Brother Franklin's for dinner. When I arrived, lo! a baby had been born unto Thomas and Agnes Franklin—the storm being so sudden that the doctor did not arrive until all was calm.

The next day I had a numb chill at noon, which kept me from teaching the rest of the day. I took a bath at night, and afterwards had a night sweat. I was usually

better after a sweat, but very weak. On Friday, March 2nd, I had some simple exercises, after which my school closed. I was glad to be free following the nine months' toil.

Then I went to work in my garden. I also hung a few pictures and varnished some furniture. One evening I went to Dr. Henry Neely's for money due me, later visiting among the neighbors. I also hunted squirrels, though I found them scarce and killed only a few, and gathered peaches to can. We always canned plenty of fruit, such as peaches, apples, pears, plums, cherries, blackberries, and raspberries—these were plentiful as many of them grew wild.

A week from the day I turned my school out, I came by way of Hartsville, harnessed my horse to the buggy and started, in company with Sister Delilah Wilson, for Gallatin. There I left my horse and we took the train for Nashville. Nashville is quite a commercial center. The square was crowded with people witnessing a "Jimnasia" perform on a rope. He was some circus straggler—or perhaps there were two of them—travelling to drain the country of money. He was walking a rope stretched across the street some fifty feet high. The next day, Brother Gentry, of Nashville, and I went to the Capitol and heard speeches by the graduates of Nashville University. The exercises, including an address by the Honorable Mr. Stephenson, were only tolerably good.

I preached daily at North Edgefield. At first the crowds were small, but interest grew rapidly. One day I immersed a man in the Cumberland River. Another

time I baptised six persons in the Baptistry of the First Christian Church in Nashville.

As I was returning home, we had some difficulty reaching Gallatin on account of a storm the day before. It had made havoc of crops. We were compelled to break to pieces the top of a house which had lodged on the track in order to pass. When I finally arrived at home, I planted some flowers which I had brought to Mittie. She complained much in the night, and was so bad the next day that I went for Sister Reed and Dr. Crenshaw. A daughter was born to us at forty minutes after six the next morning (Thursday, June 22nd). I was kept rather busy about the house for the next few days. One day I went after Mother Franklin; she was an example of a *proud* grandmother. We named our little girl Stella.

On Friday, July 7th, Professor Wygus took charge of the Female School. This school had about the same studies as the Male Academy. There was no objection in our community to co-education, but this Female Academy had a charter that prohibited it from taking male students. On the last day of the week, I received a letter from Brother J. R. Wilmeth in Mexico.

During the rest of July, I remained about the place, so that I could be near Mittie and the baby. The first week of August was sultry almost beyond endurance. The weather was so hot that I perspired even at sunrise. Wednesday, August 9th, I went in company with Brother Mack to Epperson Springs, arriving about five o'clock. We found that J. W. Davis, the proprietor, had made considerable improvements. A respectable num-

ber of persons were present. At night they "tripped the light fantastic toe."

I was not able to leave home the next day, but wrote some letters. The Lord blessed us with a fine rain which fell for some hours. It seemed from a human view that it came too late; but by faith it seemed for the best.

Sunday morning I made my arrangements to go to my appointment, but my own health, with that of the babe, prevented my going. Mother had given her too much laudanum the night before, but she was much better by noon Sunday. So I left early Monday morning for Wilson County, where Brother Wilmeth was preaching. In the afternoon I preached at "Free Lion," an arbor prepared in the midst of the Sectarian houses of worship into which we were not allowed to go. The arbor was free to all, and consequently called "Free Lion." It was a very pleasant place for the warm weather.

The weakness of the sectarian positions in regard to the true Christianity was forcibly shown by the fact that we were never allowed to use their houses. If one has the *truth,* it never loses anything by being contrasted with error—like gold, it shines brighter with rubbing. While the sects were very ungenerous in denying us the use of their houses, they were nevertheless wise in their policy, for when we entered, they had all to lose and nothing to gain. But I never felt alarmed when persecuted, as persecution works to the good of those who will hear the Gospel.

After the meeting, I returned to Hartsville and found my family all tolerably well. The weather was

warm, but I had taken some hoarseness from preaching in the woods. *I am resolved never to contribute means to build a house which is not free to all when not in use by the builders.* The next day I rented my place to S. P. Cunningham, who was to take over the Male School for that year. I was getting ready to return to Texas.

On Saturday, August 26th, I left for Nashville, to labor a while longer at Edgefield. While there I wrote this letter to Mittie:

South Edgefield, Tenn.,
August 27th, '71.

My dearest Mittie:—

Through the good providence of God I am permitted to write you while absent from you. The Lord has called each person into His Kingdom to labor for its advancement. While I am absent calling men to repentance, you are called to remain at home as guardian of our darling babe. Both my work and yours are necessary, and the Lord has called use to fulfil a mission. Since our works do not always go together, we must be often separated in body. This is painful to the animal man, but the sweet thought of "duty done" enables us to be content in spirit. These lonesome hours are long when you are absent. I can bear it for Christ's sake, but for no one else's.

Absence has no power to conquer Love with me. No—

'Tis said that absence conquers love;
That man will soon resign to fate;
But this to us is surely proved
That absence gives true love more weight.

The Lord helps me with a reasonable portion of health. The brethren at North Edgefield are alive—have a fine Sunday School and keep the ordinances. The crowd was small last evening, but there was a good attendance to-day. I spoke to them on "The Evidences of Pardon." Brother Wilmeth preached tonight. Much rain has hindered us somewhat. Brother Robert Stewart and family are in usual health. All seem glad to see us. Brother Kidwell had seven additions at Bellwood. One lady of Presbyterian descent shot at herself because her husband obeyed the Gospel. An old negro killed one of the Ku Klux party near Lebanon a few nights since.

Pray for me, my dear, and the Lord will help me to do good. May the Lord help you and keep you in His fear is my prayer.

Affectionately,
R. C. Horn.

CHAPTER XIII

TO TEXAS TO STAY

I returned home September 1st and spent the next ten days in packing up, preparing for our trip to Texas. On Monday, September 11th, we bade farewell to all and set forth. We went to Gallatin in a Jersey wagon. At Mitchell, Indiana, we stopped to change cars, and were left, but at noon the next day we continued to Saint Louis. From Saint Louis we journeyed to Sedalia, thence by the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad into the Indian Territory to the terminus of the line. The rest of the way to Sherman we traveled by stage. We spent one night in Fort Gibson at the Gibson House, sleeping on shucks and eating hard fare. We passed many old camps that had been used during the War. These places made me think of my army comrades and of the times I had while soldiering in the Indian Nation.

The rest of September was spent in setting up housekeeping. Mittie and I had to buy furniture and fence off our own yards and garden. On the 29th I made my first effort at preaching in McKinney; the people seemed much hardened.

We had planned to organize a school, and much of the first week of October I rode in behalf of it. One day I went hunting and killed a wild turkey and three

or four squirrels. This kind of game was getting scarce. That night I went to McKinney to preach and found that the Presbyterians had begun a meeting in the court-house in opposition to ours. Also there was a dancing school in progress by Satan and his servants.

On the 9th of October I opened my school at Hackberry Grove as a part of the Public School System. Forty children were present; they were nearly all in the primary department. I also organized a Literary Society at Hackberry Grove Schoolhouse for the purpose of arousing latent talent in the neighborhood. To start the interest, J. W. Wilmeth and I debated a few minutes.

As the success of our school seemed assured by the second week we leased the house where I was teaching for nine months. I examined the books to be used in the public school and found them better in appearance than I had expected, but could not then judge as to their entire merits as compared to McGuffey's and others. The books were of the National Series—and the prices high. As many of the parents in McKinney were already paying high taxes, some of them felt unable to buy books for their children.

In addition to trying to instill wisdom into the minds of youth, I kept up my preaching and my social pastimes during the remainder of October, I wrote an article for the *Gospel Advocate* on "Texas," read some in Watson's Fifth Reader and other school books, and went home for dinner one day with Brother R. S. Smith, a young lawyer from Hartsville, Tennessee, who had come to our State to set up among us.

Also I received a letter from the agent at the

terminus of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad, stating that my baggage had not arrived at that point, but that he had written to Saint Louis concerning it.

I taught school as usual on the 1st and 2nd of November. On the following night I went to the Society meeting, where we had an interesting spelling match, also reading and debate. The old men lent us their aid as well as their presence.

Sometimes a debate turned out to be exceedingly funny. A few years later a debate was held at Frognot Schoolhouse between Mr. Sanders and Mr. Mulligan. Mr. Sanders was a good speaker and often held his audience spellbound by his emotional eloquence. The question was: *Resolved,* That Fire is more Dangerous than Water. Mr. Sanders spoke first, and, having the affirmative side of the question, moved his audience at will. Every one thought that he had scored a sure victory. Finally, he ceased and sat down, mopping his forehead with a large red handkerchief in a truly dramatic fashion. Then Mr. Mulligan took the floor. He had not studied the question so carefully, nor did he have such a wonderful flow of language at his command, but he was Irish. Very deliberately, he took off his iron-rimmed spectacles, wiped them with his handkerchief, put them on his nose again, and began: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow-citizens, and Most Honorable Judges: My most honorable and worthy opponent played on your reason; he played on your feelings; he played on your prejudices; he played on your heart strings; and finally, he played out!" Mr. Mulligan sat down. The decision was: Negative, 3; Affirmative, 0.

As I was going home after the Society meeting, I heard wild geese honking on their way to the marshes farther south. I looked for it to get cold before morning, because it has been figured that the geese start with the norther and simply outfly it, thereby keeping ahead of the cold snap.

Old Brother Fuller was the best ever for telling goose and snake stories. He told me the best "goose tale" I ever heard. When he first came from the Old States, he said, he settled in East Texas near a big lake of several thousand acres' extent. The winter was an unusually severe one, and "blue no'thers" were frequent. One of these cold spells had frozen the lake over solid, and on the following evening literally thousands of wild geese that had lost their way settled themselves on the ice to roost for the night. But it began raining soon after dark, and before long there was half an inch of water over the surface of the ice-covered lake. Then along about midnight another no'ther came whistling down and froze the thin sheet of water around the feet of the sleeping geese. They were stuck fast in the ice, and when the next morning dawned cold and clear and he went down to look at the lake, he saw twenty acres of wild geese. They were wiggling and flapping and squawking, but all for nothing. They could not get away; so there they were, thousands of them. He spread the news, and farmers and merchants and preachers and teachers and trappers came for miles around and picked geese. Enough feathers were picked from the unfortunate geese that day to make feather-beds for all the families of East Texas.

Fuller had seen more snakes than anyone else in the whole of Collin County, and all one had to do to get him started was to mention killing a snake.

"Wal," he would begin, "this happened more'n forty year agone. Me en' 'nother feller wus agoin' 'long down Honey Crik un Sonday a'ter dinner, jest a browsin' 'long not a-thinkin' o' nothin'; 'en all uv a sudden-like he jumped ter un side liken he'd been shot et er somethin'. I looked up a little hill-like place, and what did I see but'n a hoop-snake a comin' a rollin' right toward where I wus a standin'. I jumped quicker'n lightnin' and that 'air dern' snake jest shot right by me, glazin' my hind leg like, and it stuck that 'air stinger thing in a oak (black-jack it wus) and couldn' yank it out agen, an', by hokey, inside er twenty minutes that 'air tree and hoop-snake both wus as dead as a door-nail."

I appeared interested, and he went on.

"Forty-odd year agone I wus a strollin' 'long down through the pa'tuer like, when all to onct I seed a little green-like snake a baskin' in the sun lazy-like. I picked up a staike and poked it, an' whut de ye think it done to itself? Wal, it jest up an' flew all to pieces! I set down an' set right still fer a spell, and fust thing I knowed that dern' reptile begin to put itself together agin. I seed its head start a lookin' fer the piece what went nex' to it, an' no sooner had it jined that piece to itself than it started a lookin' fer another piece, an' so on an' on til it jined ever' piece to itself an' made a full snake, an' I wus so fazzlegasted that I jest set thar an' watched it sneek off in the weeds an' grass and get plum away before I could move a peg, by hokey."

The next evening I staked out lines, marking the boundaries of my farm. When I got to the house I found a letter a neighbor had brought from the Post Office. It was from Sister Lou Franklin and brought tidings of good health from Mittie's people. But things were not flattering in the school line at Hartsville.

One day Brother Jim and I went to McKinney and brought out our box of bedding, which had finally arrived. Some of our clothing packed with it had been injured by water. These things had taken two months to come from Gallatin to McKinney. In the wagon our first trip through from Tennessee in 1858, we took only one month.

Then I had to make a care for my books. One has to be able to turn his hand to any kind of labor in a new country. On the evening of the 23rd I attended a debate by the Literary Society. The question was, Should Suffrage be Given to Women?

On December 1st I taught school till noon, and then went bird-netting, catching fifteen quail—also a rabbit. When I came back, I read some in the *Vidette,* also in the *Journal of Health.* I was made sad at heart on the next day by the death of Clara Beulah Weeks, infant daughter of A. C. and M. J. Weeks. I was holding the little "clay tenement" when its spirit took its flight. I could not see the soul, but knew well that when it left its temporary home, it entered an "eternity of bliss." I went to McKinney in the afternoon and procured the necessaries for the burial. There I learned that the jury in the trial of a man named Bellew had given a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree,

and prescribed his punishment at "hanging till dead." An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court.

I had some excitement one afternoon during the following week; when I got on my mare to go to school, she threw me, after pitching for some time. In the afternoon, I started to ride her to McKinney; she pitched very hard again, then ran away. But I proved too much for her and rode her into town and back. I went to the schoolhouse at night to a meeting of the Literary Society and debated the question: *Resolved,* That the Agricultural Fairs of Northern Texas are Necessarily Evil in Their Tendency. I was on the affirmative, and, with the aid of Mr. W. R. Mack, sustained the question. We planned to debate the same question again, as the other parties were not satisfied.

The next morning I began a writing school; fifteen were present. They were of various ages and some of them could not write at all. I agreed to give fifteen lessons, three a week for five weeks. A good many people were seriously interested. Of course some came merely to get where there was a crowd.

It was such a group of idlers as the latter out of whom a man who came into our community organized a whistling school. He claimed that he could, for three dollars a person, teach anyone to whistle in a way to furnish wonderful entertainment at the exhibitions. Several believed that if they did not take his lessons they would be back numbers. He got about thirty pupils, all told, who paid in advance. They met at the schoolhouse one Friday afternoon, after school was out, for their first lesson. He lined them up along the wall and said: "Now, boys and girls, this is indeed a

serious matter. It is no laughing affair, and the first one that laughs or even grins, forfeits his money. Now, all ready! Prepare for the pucker! Prepare for the pucker!" Of course everybody laughed. The teacher, very much distressed, declared the school dismissed because of the frivolity of the pupils, and departed sadly—with ninety dollars safely tucked away in his hip pocket.

CHAPTER XIV

STILL AT MY TASK

New Year's Day, 1872, found me in the schoolroom with fifty students present. As I watched and guided them in their tasks, I asked the Lord to help me discharge my duty to them as He willed. I realized that each one had his place to fill in the world and that it was my duty to try to direct his feet in the right path.

On the following Wednesday, Mr. L. D. Davidson, an old neighbor of ours, died in the morning. I felt sad at his death because he was not a Christian and because I had visited him so little during his affliction. It is true I had been very busy in school and in preaching, but I *could* have visited him oftener. He left a wife and several grandchildren to mourn his loss.

During the next ten days I kept busy clearing and burning brush. The weather being very cold, I enjoyed the fire of the brush piles. One morning I got up before daylight and burnt brush until time to go to school. My work in the open kept my mind clear and my thoughts wholesome for my schoolroom job. In the afternoon with the aid of several of my students I netted nine partridges as I came home from school. They made a delicious repast for us at supper.

Bird netting was a great sport. Although quail were not so plentiful as when I first came to Texas, it was

still easy to get a mess. Several would get together, preferably on a misty day, and carry their net to a place where quail were likely to be; that is, in or near a corn field, or in bushland, along a ravine. Arrived there, they would set the net in a semi-circle at one end of the field. Then all hands would scatter to different parts of the field and work in gradually and quietly towards the mouth of the net. The quail could thus be driven like turkeys. Sometimes a net was set and the birds were drawn to it by a lure of corn or other grain. Once inside the net, the birds would never turn back.

On the 28th I stayed at home, as it was the coldest day of the season. That evening I got a call to marry a couple the next day at eleven o'clock. The man (Brother Massie) was an old widower, and the woman (Sister Wilkerson) was an old widow; both had raised families and had grandchildren, yet had not lost that feeling of loneliness which makes one seek some kindred spirit in whom to confide. Brother Massie rode ten miles that evening with the wind in his face, which was good proof of his sincerity. I could not but trust the union would be one of happiness to both parties.

February came in cloudy and, in the evening, misty. I taught school till noon, and then went to McKinney to see Mr. A. G. Stobaugh, Supervisor of Public Instruction in our district. We talked over school matters for some time, after which I bought some apple trees and brought them home. They had been raised in Springfield, Missouri, and brought here for sale. I set them out the next morning, and then cut rail timber with J. R. Horn and Robert Weaver to assist me.

[To boys—about the time we were boys—there was nothing more interesting than to sit on a stump along the bank of Wilson Creek in Collin County and watch the men as they cut down trees. There was a song which they sang as they swung their axes. It ran like this:

Oh, hell [hail] man, yo' hoss's a-gon-ah die;
Oh, hell [hail] man, yo' hoss's a-gon-ah die;
If he dies, it'll be no loss;
If he lives, he'll be my hoss!

If you can picture a crisp autumn day with leaves falling all around and wood-cutters' axes swinging and striking in perfect rhythm, you can make up a tune for this ballad; for it is exactly to the beat of axe-strokes. To its tune the men could cut a tree in two and leave the end as smooth as it if had been planed and afterwards polished with emery dust.

—The Editors].

* * *

We had to keep on the watch-out for seed ticks while in the woods or suffer the consequences. One old Methodist brother told of this experience:

"It was camp-meetin' time at Pafford's Picnic Ground, and time for secret prayer. I slipped off down night the creek bank amongst the trees and in a kind of underbrush thicket to pray. I got down on my knees and started talkin' with God in real earnest about the meetin' and about lost and dyin' souls o' sinners. I was minded of that Scripture that says, 'Watch en pray,' and just as I said out loud, 'Oh, Lord, help me to always watch and pray,' I looked down at my white

linen pants and they were totally and literally covered and brown with seed ticks. Now I knowed what they was, and I knowed that wherever one of 'em bored his head into my hide he would likely cause a bile. I stopped my prayer right in the middle like, withouten sayin' amen and tore out for the tent, obeyin' the Scripture, for I was a-watchin' them ticks all the time and a prayin' they woulden' git to my hide. I got to the tent as quick as I could and skinned out o' them pants. Now I believe in secret prayer all right, but it don't need to be done with both eyes shet."

* * *

On the 4th I went to Chamber's Schoolhouse, near where Honey and East Fork Creeks meet, and preached to a small audience. It was the first time the Truth in its purity had been presented in this neighborhood for many years. I spoke on the sufficiency of the Bible as a rule of faith and practice and the great foolishness of creed-making when all acknowledged that men who make a creed nearest the Bible have made the best. The attention was good.

During the remainder of February I taught school during the day and split rails in the afternoon after school hours. I preached regularly at Hackberry Grove Church, at Chamber's Schoolhouse, and at McKinney. I also kept up my studies in the Bible. One morning I planted garden, although it seemed a little early in the season.

March along with its bluster and high wind, and I was reminded of the old lady who said that she knew three of the months as well as anybody. Asked

which ones, she answered, "Jeneweary, that other 'weary, and' the' blowin' month." On the 2nd, I went to the sawmill with Brother Jim and traded on some lumber. When I came home, I sent two men twenty-four dollars. I have always felt that money that was due the other person did not belong to me; if I had ten dollars in my pocket and owed nine, I really had only one.

Also I bought a map of "The Great West" from a travelling agent. I like to study maps of great countries. One day I attended a meeting of the Teachers' Association at McKinney; I heard some good essays. On the 13th, I went with Brother Yantis to attend the funeral of his mother. I met many friends of the family at the home of the deceased. It was after three in the evening before we started for the church and cemetery. The remains of Sister Yantis were taken into the church, and I spoke of the Christian's hope, comforting and warning the living. Her body was laid in the Rowlett cemetery. She left a husband and seven children to mourn. One day the following week when I had been hard at work hauling sills for a new house, a Mr. Howard, travelling as a lightning rod agent, took dinner with us. He insisted on putting up some rods for father, but father preferred to trust the Lord, as he had ever done.

[The old-time lightning rod agent sometimes "hung on like a pig." Once he determined to sell to a prospect, there was no shaking him off. In those days there were many farmers who believed it a sin to buy lightning rods, because it would be man's trying to divert the plans of Providence. They thought that if God in-

tended that you should be killed by lightning, there was nothing that could or should be done about it except await calmly the final bolt. But the lightning rod agent made his salt by convincing the farmers otherwise.

Hank Cogburn was the best lightning rod agent in North Texas. He had the "County Right" and, not being able to work the entire county by himself in his hack, he had several men assisting him.

An old-time farmer who lived out near Blue Ridge did not believe in lightning rods at all. Not knowing the farmer's views on the matter, Hank sent an assistant out to sell him. He soon came back with a no-sale report. He sent a second and a third. All failed. From the third man he learned the old farmer's opinions. So he decided to try the job himself.

He read up on his Bible, learned by heart a short table blessing and a long prayer, and went out in the afternoon, prepared, if necessary, to stay until the next morning. He was received cordially and invited to spend the night. He accepted. Supper ready, he was asked to lead in prayer, and did so fervently. He was then called upon to return thanks at the table; he did so without a bobble.

All was going fine until the meal was about half over. They had been discussing the Scriptures, and never a word had been said about lightning rods. But suddenly, Hank broke down and wept bitterly, glancing up at intervals at the farmer's twelve-year-old girl across the table from him.

His crying immediately aroused the pity of the farmer's wife, and she exclaimed in a sympathetic voice,

"Why, Mr. Hank, whatever cen be th' matter uv ye? I never seed a man worser broke up. What ails ye, good man? What ails ye?"

"Yes," chimed in the farmer, "out with it, Mr. Hank, en' tell us what's a hurtin' uv ye. Maybe so we cen holp ye in som' way er tother."

"Oh! O-h! O-o-h!" sobbed Hank.

The woman was desperate by now and begged him to unfold the trouble.

"Wal, if I jest must tell you, I can," blubbered Hank. "I wus jest a lookin' at that little girl en' a thinkin' how purty she wus."

"How could that make ye cry en' take on so?" asked the woman, puzzled.

He cried and sobbed a while longer, then let the secret out:

"I wus a thinkin' thet she wus jest th' livin' picher of my little gal what died jest ten year ago tomorry."

"Ah, how come it?" asked both in one voice.

"Wal, I'll tell ye," said Hank, still sobbing. "Jest ten year ago come tomorry, she wus struck by a bolt o' lightin' and killed dead; en' when I seed that purty gal o' yourn I jest coulden' help but be afeared thet she might come to the' same end; en' it jest made me cry thinkin' o' it en' all."

He sobbed some more. No one spoke for several moments. Then the farmer's wife said softly but with resolution:

"Joseph, hadden' ye jest ex well sign thet thar contrac' ternight, en low Mr. Hank ter put them thar lightnin' rods up come tomorry?"

"Well, now, prob'ly so—prob'ly so."
And he signed.

—THE EDITORS.]

* * *

Nothing unusual happened until the 28th, when, upon coming home from school, I was shocked to hear of a death. It was Miss Bettie Thompson, who had stood before me as a bride only one week before. She was then gay and beautiful, and bade fair to enjoy a long life. Truly, in life we are at the gate of death. Only one week absent from her father's roof, and returning to greet them and tell them of her happiness, she had suddenly been dashed into eternity when her horse and buggy went over a bridge.

I busied myself during the next two days by planting seeds and grafting and setting peach trees. I suffered much from a "bile" on my cheek. If some one had hit me on that cheek I doubt whether I would have turned the other.

The month of April moved along without excitement of any kind for me. I received my school certificate from Austin. It gave me the right to teach for two years in the rural public schools of Texas.

On the 16th I arose early and carried some lumber to my place of building. I worked on my house in the evening. Several weeks later we had a terrific rain and wind storm. The wind got so high that it blew my house off the blocks and frightened us. The next day I called some of my neighbors to help me put my house back.

I turned out school on Friday and attended a Sunday

School picnic. After we had sung some songs, I made a few remarks on proper conduct on such occasions. We played games until about twelve, and then had a bountiful dinner under the trees.

Three or four churches went together and held the picnic. These picnics were strictly social affairs, intended to help the community in a religious and moral way. Good programs were arranged: we had prominent speakers from different parts of the state, and our own children always gave songs and recitations. Some reliable person close to the picnic ground was the "ramrodder," who saw to it that all was in ship-shape before the crowd got there.

We played such games as ring-around-rosy, dropping the handkerchief, Sally-in-the-Alley, Going Out West, and Texas Grunt. There was a long grape-vine swing on which some of the more venturesome boys would swing entirely across the creek. They liked this all the better because the girls were afraid they would break their necks. The dinner was served in groups of four or five families. A sheet or quilt was placed upon the ground under a tree, and the dinner spread upon it; then the people would sit or kneel down while they ate. If any young farm hand were seen standing around, he was invited to eat with the rest as if he were a member of the family.

It was at one of these Sunday School picnics that a very funny thing happened. A young man from each church had been designated as banner-bearer for its Sunday School group at the grounds. A certain young man who was proudly marching in line, and who felt, I imagine, like a young Napoleon, was thinking what a

fine thing it was to be leader, when all at once, the young lady right in front of him lost her bustle. It dropped at his feet with a ring, and did not bounce. He was compelled to step over it; which feat he accomplished without batting an eye. After he had passed, and before another of the procession could get to it, an elderly lady snatched up the bustle and threw it over the fence into a cotton-patch. The procession went on, and no one laughed. Very few saw the mishap at all.

For some of the young men, the picnic was an occasion for playing pranks on the mama's boys and visitors. The "Badger" fight, for instance, is peculiar to Texas and Oklahoma. Few people of other states know anything about this highly interesting and exciting sport; but once an out-of-stater is initiated into its secrets he is ever eager to help stage a "Badger" fight. Suddenly, when he is least expecting any unusual diversion, and perhaps at a time when he is homesick and craving excitement, the newcomer is accosted thus: "Say! we're going to have the biggest Badger fight that has ever been staged in these parts; we're havin the Badger brought in from West Texas, and it will be at the store pretty soon; in fact, I guess it's there by now. But I guess you wouldn't be interested—"

He is interested, and says so.

"Well," continues the speaker, "I just thought maybe you'd like to pay a little towards lifting the Badger out of the store-house. If not, of course—"

He says he would like to help.

"This is an unusually ferocious Badger, and we're having a hard time to get some fellow to agree to hold it; that is, to hold the rope, you know, to keep it from

killing the dog right off. Now if you hear of anybody who's got the nerve to—"

He says, right quickly, that he's got the nerve, and consents to hold the brute, or be found trying.

That afternoon at the allotted hour the crowd of men assembles on a vacant lot behind some barn or other outbuilding. The Fierce Badger has been safely placed under a heavy tub weighted down with large rocks. From under the tub a rope protrudes. It is a strong rope about fifty feet long. A man stands near the tub holding a mean-looking bulldog, which is straining at its leash, anxious for the fight. The out-of-stater takes hold of the rope and is told that he must be careful, for the Badger is a bad one and is likely to hurt him seriously unless he is quick and nimble. Everything is ready. The rocks are removed from the tub.

"Pull hard! pull hard!" the crowd shouts to the holder of the rope. He pulls with all his strength.

All at once the tub is lifted, and, instead of a Badger, an old jardine comes rolling and tumbling towards the terribly embarrassed fellow.

Another game that some would have liked was not permitted at these picnics. In it the young men would catch a goose, pull all the feathers off its neck, and grease its neck with soap. Having hung the goose by its feet, still alive, some one would call out, "The goose hangs high." Then they would get on their horses, and, running at full speed, try to grab the goose by the neck and pull its head off. Often the contestant would not grasp the neck; and if he did, his hand would most likely slip off. The fellow who succeeded was the hero and was entitled to the favor of the prettiest girl pres-

ent. In a similar game the Indians bury a chicken up to its head in the sand and ride by on horseback, trying to jerk its head off as they go. Games of this kind generally went with dances rather than with Sunday School picnics.

* * *

The chief crimes in those days were gambling and drinking. There was a great deal of disturbance in the churches on account of drunken men. They would laugh out loud, stamp their feet, get up and go out, and sometimes throw mud-balls at the preacher or the deacon who was leading in prayer. I remember that one time when a preacher was down on his knees praying, a boy threw several mud-balls, hitting the preacher in the back. After the preacher got up, he noticed a young girl moving about in her seat. The boy in the back of the house—the one who had thrown the mud-balls—said, "Don't pay no 'tention to her, preacher, she's crazy."

"She may be," answered the parson, "but she isn't big enough fool to throw mud-balls at a Man-of-God who is praying for her."

This kind of disturbance usually went unpunished, because everybody knew everybody else and did not want to stir up trouble amongst neighbors and kinfolks.

Stealing chickens was considered an innocent sport for the young lads of the community. The boys would often steal chickens from the neighboring farm and take them off down the creek and have a big chicken-roasting. They did not mean any harm by it, but

merely thought of it as a good time. And the people of the community did not object seriously. Of course a stolen chicken was never sold.

* * *

The 20th of May was a big day for Mittie and me, as we moved into our new home. The same week, we had a hard rain, which destroyed some of my fence. About twele o'clock that day, Stephen A. Bellew was put to death by hanging for the murder of James P. Golden in the year 1870. He not only murdered Golden while they were in the South together, but returned to his father's and married the sister of the murdered man. He denied his guilt to the last. He rode down on his coffin, smoking his cigar, which he continued to smoke until they were ready for the execution. Then he walked up the steps to the gallows in a very dignified manner and stood erect. He very politely handed his coat and hat to his attendants; and even turned his head for them to fit up the rope. He was dressed in a fine cloth suit with white kid gloves on his hands. So passed the most daring man I have ever seen from Time into Eternity! Bellew was an intelligent aristocrat who was led by a desire to appear well to commit this murderous deed. He has gone to his reward!

On the following Monday father began harvesting a fine crop of wheat. The Lord had blessed him bountifully. I came home from school the next day to find Stella sick with the chicken-pox. She suffered a good deal.

The first of June was lovely, and I spent the forenoon in the garden chopping weeds out of my onions

and Irish potatoes. After dinner I went to McKinney and had my horse shod. On the 20th the thresher moved over to fathers. I helped him haul his wheat away. It turned out very well, making between twenty-five and thirty bushels to the acre.

On the next Lord's day, I preached to a small audience at Rowlett, after which I went home with Major Billy Rush. After dinner, we conversed for some time and then enjoyed a luxury in the way of apricots and plums. On the following Saturday, a large crowd met at the schoolhouse for the closing exercises. The students read several pieces, after which we marched into the yard and formed a circle for spelling. Twice we had to break up on account of rain, and the house being crowded, we had no chance to spell inside. We had dinner on the grounds, and the crowd was very quiet and well-behaved. We sang some pieces and then dispersed. I had taught one hundred and ten students during the nine-months' session at the stated salary of seventy-five dollars a month.

The first few days of July were rainy and bad. I worked outside between showers, and made out school reports while it was raining—also wrote and read much. One day I read in the *Collegian* of Kentucky University, a paper just started by the students. On Lord's day Mittie and I went to Chamber's Schoolhouse and I preached to a large audience, after which we took dinner with Jacob Bryant. He had a couple of very good watermelons. I also heard a good watermelon story:

"Claude Saunders and I were picking cotton in the field south of the barn, when Mr. Sexton came over to

the field to see Claude's father about borrowing a wheat drill.

" 'Yes, yes, I god,' he began, 'yes, I got, nice day, nice day, I god, boys—nice day fur gettin' the fuz.'

" 'Yes, Mr. Sexton,' said Claude, politely, 'it's a right purty day.'

"We picked on and after Mr. Sexton found that Mr. Saunders had gone to the gin with a bale of cotton, he turned to go home, but as he turned around, he noticed some citrons between the cotton rows to his left. They were beautiful melons, lined with white and green stripes. To look at them made the mouth water. We saw that he was wanting one, but we picked cotton and said nothing. In a moment he could stand it no longer, and blurted out:

" 'Nice melons, yes, yes, I god, boys, extra nice melons!'

"Claude winked at me and said as politely as he could, 'Yes, they air right nice melons, Mr. Sexton.' I grinned inwardly, but kept still.

" 'Believe I'll take one of 'em down ter the wagon and eat 'er, I god, boys, eat 'er, I god, yes, yes.'

" 'All right, Mr. Sexton,' consented Claude, 'take it right along; we've got plenty of 'em anyhow.'

"He took the biggest and prettiest one that he could find and started for the wagon. We waited a few minutes, then followed him as if we had to weigh our cotton, although we had only a half drag in our sacks. When we got within earshot, we heard a dull thump! thump! that sounded like someone beating on the bottom of a scalding tub. We reached the wagon and found Mr. Sexton down on the ground with the melon

clutched firmly between his knees. He had already broken his knife in a fruitless attempt to cut it, and was now hammering away on it with the big P of the cotton scales. Just as we walked up, he struck the melon an unusually hard lick, and the P, glancing off, flew about five feet, barely missing my shin. Suddenly Mr. Sexton realized what kind of melon he was trying to burst. Scrambling to his feet and glaring furiously at us, he exclaimed:

" 'Yes, yes, boys, I god, I god, it's a darned ole Citizen, a darned ole Citizen, boys, I god, I god.' "

* * *

On the first day of August, I went to H. H. Tucker's and borrowed a wheel and a windlass to draw dirt out of my cistern. During the rest of the week I was busy breaking prairie during the day and preaching at night. On Tuesday I went to Brother Tucker's for his oxen. Then I began to break prairie with three yokes, but soon had to stop on account of the heat. The new ground was heavy and the roots were so thick and close-matted that it was hard pulling. The following evening I came home from work and found Mittie sick with chills and fever. She rested badly that night. The noise from a Methodist camp-meeting about a mile off disturbed her very much.

[Squire J. F. Wester of the Weston and Cottage Hill community has described the camp-meetings:

"In the early days of Collin County, camp-meetings were held annually at Pafford's Camp Ground on Honey Creek. People would come, some of them by ox-wagons and ox-sleds, for miles and miles and bring

their families and camp-equipment, including cooking utensils, bedding, stove, cots, mirrors, chairs, and tents. They had laid their crops by, as the meetings nearly always began about the middle of July—the month during which it was supposed never to rain at night.

"For two or three days preceding the opening, all was bustle and activity on the old camp ground. Each family would select what it thought the most favorable camp-site; this selection was important, for the meeting would last for weeks. By the time the evangelist and his singer arrived, the place looked not unlike a small army camp.

"At a distance from the tent-site was a place for hitching and feeding the animals and for leaving the wagons and buggies of the campers and visitors. Of course there were the annoyances of bugs and flies, but we didn't mind them much, because that was in the time before we had screen doors at home.

"When all, including the preacher and his singer, had arrived, Old Uncle Johnny Malone would blow his horn—an old-fashioned cow horn similar to a powder horn—to call the meeting to order. The services were held under a brush arbor. Trees were cut and driven into the ground for upright posts. The top, or cover, was made of brush cut from the trees and laid on so thick that it would turn a hard rain.

"It did rain sometimes in July, for I remember that I went down to meeting one July night, and it rained so hard that I came very nearly not getting home. The creek got up bank-full, and the tents were flooded. Several dogs were drowned, and some chickens lost

their lives earlier than it was intended they should. The campers had to 'skedaddle' to keep from washing away."

The Rev. John Albert Phillips has also told us of the experiences of his grandfather during and before this time:

"My grandfather, known as Uncle Harry Long, was a local Methodist preacher and a blacksmith. He was born in Tennessee about 1800 and came to Texas in 1849. He would work in his shop, shoeing horses, mending wagons and farm implements or doing any smithy job, until Saturday at noon. Then he would stop and clean himself up for preaching. He was strongly opposed to slavery, although he was never in the North in his life. He always spoke his mind on that subject.

"One day a crowd of slave-owners asked him what he thought of the War, and if it were not justifiable on the grounds that it would perpetuate the institution of slavery. He replied, 'No! The whole thing is a black as hell!' They did not do anything to him, but they hanged some men for making statements of that kind. The fact that they knew him to be a good and useful man in the community saved him.

"In those days they had a way of making every new preacher who came through the community preach for the pastor. There was one preacher by the name of Coon who came through occasionally. Once he was at the church with my grandfather, and a third preacher came in. The last one preached. When he had finished, he announced: 'Brother Long, sing a song; Brother Coon, hist the tune.' He never noticed how it sounded until the people began to smile.

"They did not have much confidence in those days in anyone who got religion in the winter time. He had to get it between 'layin' by' and 'fodder-pullin' time! Of course that meant during a camp-meeting. I remember one song that I heard a long time ago. It ran about like this:

> We stretch our tents on this camp-ground;
> We'll give the devil an awful round
> And then we'll all go home.

"In those days there were *Sacred Harp* singers. Their favorite was the *Fos-sol-la Book,* and one of their best songs was:

> Come brothers and sisters who love one another,
> And have done for years that are gone;
> How often we meet in sweet Heavenly Union
> That opens the way to God's throne.
>
> Some tell us that praying and also that praising
> Is labor that's all spent in vain;
> But we have such witness of God's sure swiftness
> From praying we will not refrain.
>
> There was old Noah and ten thousand moah,
> Who witnessed that God heard them pray;
> And Simon and Levi, Paul, Simon, and Peter,
> And Daniel and Jonah, we'll say!"

—The Editors]

* * *

Mittie got better and on the last day of the month I went to McKinney and cashed a check to the amount

of $141.00. I came back by Brother Tucker's to grind some sorghum came for vinegar.

The first day of September being Lord's day, I went to Chamber's Schoolhouse and preached in reply to Mr. Binkley of the Methodistic order, who had said that we were baptised infidels and preached water regeneration. The next day I harnessed my horses to the wagon, loaded some lumber, and went to the schoolhouse, where I found a few children ready to begin another year's work. I gave them lessons for Tuesday, and then dismissed them. I took my lumber to N. W. Davis's and exchanged it for ceiling.

On the following Wednesday as I was preparing to leave the schoolhouse for Weston where I was to preach that night, a buggy came up and a gentleman and a lady alighted and demanded marriage. They were Mr. O. C. Lipscomb and Miss Victoria O'Brien of McKinney. Miss O'Brien's mother had opposed the match and they had run away and come to me. I married them, gave them a snack to eat, and sent them on their way rejoicing.

* * *

Funny things happened to young men and young women. Once a young countryman and his best girl were taking a Sunday-evening buggy ride. The sun was setting and the girl was feeling romantic. Turning her face to the West and incidentally towards his face, she exclaimed enthusiastically,

"Oh, just look at the glorious sunset! It is so wonderful! It makes me have thoughts of Fairyland—its golden disk there is a background of red clouds. What does it make you think of, Eb?"

"Wal, I'll tell yer," said Eb, practically, "it minds me uv a big fresh yellar hen egg a fryin' in a skillit uv brown ham-gravy."

There was at least one girl in every community in our country who delighted to have a date with two boys at the same time. She would tell one to come at three o'clock in the afternoon and the other at four. When beau number two arrived, his girl would be gone buggy-riding with beau number one.

There was in the community of Rhea's Mill a pretty little girl of this type. She made one engagement with her regular beau for Sunday afternoon and another with a half-wit boy named Payne, who lived thirteen miles down the Creek. When three o'clock came, the young lady was whisked away in a new red-wheeled, rubber-tired, squeeze-me-tight buggy driven by her favorite beau. An hour later, Payne arrived, very sore, riding an old flea-bitten mule, bare-backed. Several of the boys who had been told by the girl were on hand to tease Payne.

A wag by the name of Horace Jones asked him how he liked the girl.

Payne talked with a peculiar hesitancy when he was worried. He answered, "Wal, — I — wooden'— a — minded — to — ride — all — th' — way — up — hern —if'n—warn't—so—dern—fur—back."

"What are you going to tell your brother-in-law when you go back by his house?" continued the wag.

"Wal, — I'm — jest — a — goin' — ter — call — 'em — out — to — the' — frunt — gate — an' — tell —'em—ter—go—to—th' Devil—an'—ride—on."

* * *

Mittie was improving slowly as October came in, and I could go about my various tasks with a better heart. On the 2nd I helped Weaver to wall in my cistern. This was hard work, and I was very tired at night.

On the 4th Brother C. M. Wilmeth and I started in my buggy for Dallas to attend the state meeting of the Christian Church. We arrived about dusk, and after some inquiry found the home of Hick Barksdale, where we got supper. Dallas was a dusty place. The next morning we went to hear Brother C. Kendrick preach. While he was preaching, Brother R. M. Gano arrived from Kentucky and gave us an exhortation. The fair had operated against the meeting, but it was soon over and we had better attendance. After church the next day we met three gentlemen who were conductors on the Houston, Texas Central Railroad, which was running daily trains into Dallas.

After the meeting I left for home. I was busy during the next few days hauling hay and making a shed for my stock. On Saturday I went to McKinney to hire a negro girl, but failed. It was the day for the circus and hundreds of poor simpletons were fooled out of their dollar. Messrs. Nobles and Henry were present to hear me preach on Sunday and were not very well pleased because the Methodist Church was shown to be a sect and not the true church.

I did some piddling around the place during the next few days: cut logs for building a corn crib and did other odd jobs. The month passed away, and, on the first day of November, I went to Mr. Weeks in the evening for some chickens and sorghum. Nothing was better with hot biscuits and fresh butter than good

thick country sorghum molasses. One day a friend of mine told me about some interesting characters in our county.

"Our neighbors," he said, "Uncle Joe and Uncle Dave, were no blood kin, but we thought so much of them that we always called them Uncle. I never did know why but they called me Sweetheart. They often came by the house to spend a few moments and chat about things pertaining to farm life. One day Uncle Joe, who could neither read nor write, heard about some cases of smallpox in Sherman. He was telling my mother about it:

" 'Yes, it's a Lord's fact, Rebeccy, a Lord's fact, they've got it in Sherman; en' I'm jest afeard thet thet health resort will come down here and canteen the last one uv us.'

" 'Well, may-by so not, Uncle Joe,' mother said. 'How's your pigs gettin' along?'

" 'Well, I'll tell yer,' he answered, 'I'm jest havin' th' worst luck what; yes, the worst luck what! I had a' ole sow that fotch 'leven pigs Saturday, en' they ever' one died but nine.'

" 'That was awful bad, Uncle Joe.'

" 'Yes, purty bad,' he said, 'but my sheep are doin' purty good. I sheared one that *averaged* five pounds of wool.'

" 'How's your chickens?' Mother asked.

" 'Not doin' so well, not doin' so well, Beccy. The pesky insects air a-eatin' 'em all up. Ever' time I go about the barn I see a pole-cat er a mink.'

"On one occasion, Uncle Dave had to come down to Dallas County for something. It was the first time he

had been out of his native county. When he came back home, his mother, who was very old, and who, like Uncle Dave, had not traveled much, asked him,

" 'Son, do you like down there as well as you do Texas?'

" 'Jest about, Ma,' he said, 'jes' 'bout.'

"Finally, Uncle Joe took fatally ill, and my brother called by to see how he was. Uncle Dave came to the door.

" 'How's Uncle Joe?' inquired my brother in a subdued voice, lest he disturb the sick.

" 'Hell, I god, Lee, he's plowin' his last round.'

"Uncle Joe died a few minutes later."

* * *

On Sunday, October 8th, I went to McKinney to hear Mr. Nobles, a Methodist preacher, reply to Brother Gano. He labored much to show that we could not unite on the Bible. His speech was a rehash—a repetition of Mr. Rice with Alexander Campbell. He selected all the little jars he could among our brethren to prove that we were not united. I called him to the truth a number of times, and announced to the audience that I would reply to him at night. I came home for dinner, bringing a little negro girl with me to help Mittie.

The audience was large that night and the attention was good. Mr. Nobles was not to be found. I gave the Creed some attention and turned to show the people the truth in the Word. The brethren expressed themselves as well pleased with my effort.

On the 25th, I wrote the following letter to Brother McGarrey:

Dear Brother McGarrey:—

That you may know something of our work in Texas I write you a brief sketch of the condition and progress of the Cause of our Master in this field. One might conclude from the meager reports from this part of Texas that we were on the "list of do-nothings." This, however, would be an erroneous conclusion. Why it is so, I know not, but it is true that but few of our evangelists report the result of their labors.

We labor under many disadvantages. Being deprived of direct intercourse with our brethren in the older states, we have to depend almost entirely upon home preachers for our success. These preachers, as a general thing, are men who make their living by either physical or mental labor. While the preacher may be almost ready to say, "I will seek a place where I can receive a salaried support," yet he hears the cries of weak churches for his aid, and feels that he must suffer and labor as he has opportunity.

Since I came to Texas, I have made teaching school my daily occupation, and have preached on Lord's day and at such additional times as I could get from my other duties. Several of those Brother C. M. Wilmeth and I have immersed were from the Methodists. This has roused our Methodist friends and they are going "strong men" on this circuit next year. I understand that Dr. Wilkes, their next circuit rider, says that he intends to whip them into Methodism. I suppose he is speaking figuratively; if not, he may be mistaken.

Of the preachers at one of our most successful meetings, Brother J. R. Darnall, who aided by exhortation and performing the immersions, was a farmer, and during the day was on his farm sowing wheat. I lived some distance (seven miles) from the place of preaching and was busy getting rock to make a cistern; I drove up in the neighborhood of the meeting, the place being near the rock quarry, in the

evening, attended the meeting at night, and, on the next morning, loaded my wagon and returned home, in time to drive back to the church. Brother Wilmeth assisted me in loading and drove one wagon. This is one way in which we work.

Again, we can do but little, comparatively, during the winter. Our country houses are not arranged with sufficient comfort to have church in bad weather; nor have we remedied this condition in our town activities. No street lamps with cheerful lights point us to the house of worship, nor do pavements keep the feet from mud and dampness. Then we are blessed with a soil that clingeth close to one's boot sole and maketh it difficult to separate it, even with a scraper.

I should like to speak of the opposition to our plea and the internal conditions of our churches, but my letter is already too long. As we are now connected by railway, could you not spend one vacation with us?

Fraternally yours,

R. C. Horn.

* * *

The day after Christmas I took Mittie and Stella to Pa's for dinner. Sleet kept me at home during the following day. Also, my horse had the Epizootic; nearly all the horses in the community had it. The disease, in symptoms, was like Distemper, but went harder with horses when they were used.

On the last day of the year, I built some fence and cleared away brush. While working, I meditated on the fact that the year was gone forever, never to greet us again. While we may be wiser and better by the year's experience, thought I, yet we must see many golden opportunities gone never to return.

Farewell, Old Year!

With all thy joys and fears;
Thy various trials and pains;
Go join thyself to by-gone years,
Nor of thy fate complain.
Oh, happy man who but can say,
When called from life on earth away,
"I've done my duty well."

CHAPTER XV

1873

Wednesday, the first day of 1873, was a very rainy one. I spent it indoors painting and doing other odd jobs; I wrote and also read a good deal in the evening. Stella had been sick for some time, but was now better. As I worked away I thought: Peace and happiness for our people during the year is my wish, but what we shall witness during this year no one now can tell. Generally, however, one can prophesy the future by the past, just as one can say what a man will do from his past actions.

For instance, when Si Barton dug his deep well and put up a windmill, the neighbors were excited about it. He was considered the stingiest man for miles around Stringtown, it being said of him that he often sat out under the hackberry trees in his yard to save the shade on his porch.

Ed Lanson was, on the other hand, the jolliest man in the community. He was prosperous, too, and owned as good a quarter-section of black land as a crow ever flew over. One day he passed Barton's on his way to John Abner's store. Si was sitting in the shade of a tree reading the *Weekly Newser,* which a neighbor had given him. Ed saw him, and thought he would ask about

the windmill, which at that moment was whirling merrily in the morning breeze.

"Hidy, Si!" he greeted. "How'e maken it?"

"Purty porely, purty porely," grunted Si, without looking up from his paper.

"Yer know, Si," went on Ed, "I've been er thinken erbout putten me up er win'mill lack thet critter thar. I thank I need it."

"I woulden', no, I woulden'," answered Si, interested at last.

"Why?" asked Ed, surprised.

"Wall, yer see, it's this away, Ed. Thar mought not be ernough wind to turn 'em both."

* * *

During the next few days I cleared away brush, split rails for fencing, hauled wood and hay, and papered my house. On the 4th I was saddened by the death of George O'Brien from smallpox. This was the second death in McKinney from this disease within a few days. The excitement was so great that persons could not be found to bury the dead without hire. I felt the death of George very much, as we were once close associates.

On Saturday I helped father to kill a beef-cow; then on Monday following I laid off rows for fruit trees, and as the night came beautiful and clear with the moon at her full tide, I set the trees at night. What is more glorious than a winter moon!

At prayer meeting on Wednesday we had some discussion of the whisky business. For the next few days I fought whisky, but I found it slow work. To attack

a monarch on his throne would be a slight task compared to fighting King Alcohol. The whisky question was creating a good deal of excitement in our community, and I was pushing my petition for the legislature to pass a law prohibiting the sale of liquor within a radius of three miles of McKinney. The next day Mr. Billy Guthrie, the groceryman near us, asked me to compromise the matter, but all the compromise he proposed was to do away with the petition. Some corrections were made in certain reports concerning my opponents and myself. The excitement was represented as being high, but I could only pray the Lord to guide us in prudence and much discretion.

We never had a hog-killing, a log-rolling, a harvesting, a corn-shucking, or anything of the sort, that whisky was not passed around. There would be toddy made of whisky, sugar, water, and mint. All these things were kept in nearly every home. I recall one young harvest hand who got so much raw whisky that he got drunk. He was so ashamed of himself that he went out in the pasture and lay down under a tree until he sobered up. He never came back to the house, because the young lady whom he was going to marry was helping with the housework, and he could not face her.

Even Roy Shandy, a barber, liked his "drap" so well that he spent all he could make for whisky. The shop in which he worked was directly across the street from a grocery store. I was in his chair getting a hair-cut one day. Roy looked across the street and saw a farmer loading bacon and flour and coffee into his cotton

wagon. He stopped cutting my hair and said in a tone of complete disgust:

"Jest look et that darn' fool! There he is, a-buyin' *bacon* an' *flour* an' *coffee!* I'd bet a bottle o' beer he ain't got a drop o' whisky in his house."

We did not always win in our argument against alcohol. One day a staunch opponent of drink was trying to argue the question with a German.

"Mr. Hugenheiuman," he said gravely, "do you realize the dangers of whisky? Do you know that it is positively poison? Did you ever notice how alcohol eats up the white of an egg? Its effects upon the stomach are bound to be similar, though not so easily noticeable."

He thought he had scored a hit, until the German took off his spectacles, scratched his head, and said,

"Vell, I bane t'inken. If you break an egg vunce, and pour it in a glass, already, and then pour a little visky over it, it makes a fine drink yet."

I could hardly refrain from smiling at another incident of which I learned. Uncle Heinie, being German also, naturally liked his beer and sauerkraut. He kept a five-gallon keg of each in his cellar for immediate tap. Now, Uncle Heinie was a devout Catholic and was never known to swear until an old sow got into his cellar and turned his sauerkraut keg over, gave herself a nice helping, and then proceeded to pull the spigot from the beer keg.

When Uncle Heinie saw the sauerkraut ruined and the beer spilled, he swore long and loud; so loud, indeed, that Father O'Reilly, who was visiting upstairs, heard him. He immediately came down and said, "There, there, Heinie! What for have I admonished

you to live a Christ-like life? Is it to curse like this? Sure, and I ask you, would Jesus Christ have done the like?"

Uncle Heinie was ashamed of himself. He hardly knew what to say, but finally he burst out, "Vell, I don't know, a'ready. You see, it vas like dis: Jesus Christ never had any sauerkraut nor good beer in his cellar yet. Den he never had an old sow, a'ready, to get into dat cellar vunce and turn it ofer and drink it up yet."

* * *

On the 24th I learned that our Methodist friends were getting quite saucy up at Cottage Hill, and that Brother Wilmeth had gone up to see what they proposed to do about it. I found that they were making a direct attack on us that we would have to go up and call their hand soon if they didn't calm down a little. Perhaps one reason why they were so *bold* was their strength, as they were regarded as the most influential denomination in this section. They always flourish best on the frontier where the gospel is not so often preached. They held large camp-meetings and many protracted (some one said "distracted") meetings. Much of their preaching time, during these meetings, was taken up in fighting "Campbellism."

Last summer they held a camp-meeting near where I live. Circumstances were such that I did not attend this curious meeting, but I kept posted as to the progress made. Some of their exercises were very strange to me. At certain times the horn (not the miter) would sound for secret prayer and the people were seen

marching towards the brush to secrete themselves for the struggle. The prayers were in some cases secret, but in the majority of cases could be heard from one to three hundred yards. I suppose some were afraid that others would think them playing off. The preachers were very much surprised that the spirit did not operate with a greater force, and finally the Presiding Elder very eloquently said that the people had listened to baptised infidels preach so long that they would not hear the truth. These persons had often heard the writer and others try to present the truth, and to this the allusion was made.

* * *

Some unusual things happened to preachers of all faiths in those days. One time Brother G. O. Key went to Alabama on a visit to old friends. While Key was a Baptist, yet he was invited to preach at the Methodist Church in the absence of the Circuit Rider. He wanted to preach on the text, "I am a traveler here. . . " On a table near the pulpit were several hymn books, among which some one had placed a book containing some comic songs. Desiring a hymn appropriate to his sermon, Brother Key took up a book from the table and turned hastily through it until he came to a suitable title. He lined it out, but the old leader could not pitch it. However, the leader's little boy exclaimed, "Papy, I can sing that song." He immediately began,

> I am a traveler to that land so fair;
> And there's lots of good old likker there!

"Ah, shucks," cried the leader. "They've got that old Baptist hymn book!"

Again I knew a Hard-Shelled Baptist preacher in our community who was very fond of peanuts. He would go about with a pocket full all the time. To see him munching them reminded me of a sheep chewing dry grass. One spring he planted four rows of "goobers" entirely across his cotton field, so that he would have enough for the winter. The next morning I saw him out in the field scratching around in the ground and putting something into his mouth at intervals. "What are you doing, Brother?" I asked.

"Wal," answered the country philosopher, "I just got to thinkin' last night after I had gone to bed; and, thinks I, what if them goobers don't come up? Then they would all be wasted. And so, by the livin', I decided that I'd dig 'em up before they had a chance to sprout."

This same man preached every fifth Sunday in a little log-house. He had a habit of beginning each sermon with, "The Lord spake, and said unto Moses." One Sunday morning when the crowd was unusually large, the parson was all ready to deliver a great sermon. He began, "The Lord spake, and said unto Moses." Just then a big rat ran across the rafter over his head and dropped to the floor at his feet; his text was really like this: "The Lord spake and said unto Moses—God, what a Rat!"

* * *

The 28th of January was so cold that one could hardly bear it long enough to make a fire. I swept

the snow away from the doors, and spent the day within, writing and reading, and making fires.

I began the short month by hauling corn and wood which I had bought from Brother Jim. I also taught regularly. Up to that time I had matriculated one hundred students, ranging in age from five to thirty-two. Two were widowers.

On Tuesday, the 3rd, I went to see Brother Tucker, who was just alive. The doctor had pronounced his death a certainty. His arm had become inflamed, and cold had settled in it from vaccination. It was badly mortified. He died the next day about three o'clock. The Masons had charge of the burial; they marched in and put the body in the coffin; then at the grave they went through their ceremonies, which were sufficiently novel to drive away the solemnity usual on such occasions.

Two days later, when I returned home from school in the evening, I found a message summoning me to the bedside of a young man of Weston, who was thought to be near eternity. Two weeks earlier he had pricked his hand with a thorn from a bois d'arc bush and both his arms had become infected. He was young and was the son of a boasted infidel, but when affliction was felt, a lingering thought that Christianity might be true softened the father's infidelity. The son was a believer in the Scriptures, and, when I arrived, was much alarmed about his future. He confessed his faith in Christ, said he was sorry he had not done his duty, and desired to do all the Lord's commands. His arms were in such a state as to prevent his being immersed. Brother Bennett and I both prayed with him, exhort-

ing him to have confidence in Jesus who does all things well. He desired us to sing some hymns. The family were sorely distressed.

There was a good deal of sickness in the community during the first of April, ranging from plain colds to spinal meningitis, and I visited much, often riding for miles over very muddy roads. It was hard work, but I felt that Christ would have done much more for suffering humanity. A good deal of the time Mittie was ailing, and it was hard for me to leave her and Stella.

I spent the first few days of April in the schoolroom teaching young ideas to shoot. The first Saturday I staked and ridered my fence, and Mittie and I made some walks and planted some pinks and verbena seeds. On Lord's day, the 20th, I preached at Cottage Hill. The house was crowded. When I closed the meeting, Mr. Biggs, a Methodist preacher, announced that he would review me that night, and I retreated with my flag at half-mast.

Saturday, the 26th of April, was my birthday; I was twenty-nine years old. Many changes had come within that period. Our nation had had its "wars without and within." The next morning I planted corn and watermelon seeds. Since I was planting yellow corn, I was reminded of a story told of a bright young farmer.

Ruben Cruster was working in his corn. Just as he hoed out to the end of a row, set his foot on the fence, and leaned on his hoe handle to blow a while, Parson King came along, and asked pompously,

"What's the matter with your corn, young man? It looks yaller."

"Wat, that's what yer'd count on, woulden' yer? We planted yaller corn."

"I mean," the Parson explained, "that it looks puny; it looks like it wouldn't make more than half a crop."

"We air worken it on the halves."

The Parson was nettled, and spoke sharply, "You're not far from a fool, are you?"

"Wal, no! They's jest a fence between us."

He turned and started hilling up a stalk of corn.

* * *

In the afternoon I went to Hackberry Grove Church. This congregation had been lax in discipline until they had lost much influence. Many of the members remained at the picnic which they were having that day, but a few assembled at the church to attend to business. After singing and prayer, Brother Waters stated that Brother Stiff had been fighting. Brother Stiff said he did whip a son-in-law. He acknowledged that he had sinned and asked the brethren to forgive him, which they did gladly. After some discussion, the charges against two brothers were laid over for two weeks in order to labor with them, for they were not present to answer charges. Another's case came up, but he manifested more of the evil spirit than the good. He said that he was guilty of swearing and fighting, but gave no sign of repentance or promise of reformation. He made an acknowledgment in an overbearing spirit and asked to be forgiven. We voted to exclude him at the end of two weeks unless he would cast the evil spirit out. All three were later excluded. As we could effect no reformation in their lives, we had to withdraw ourselves from them as disorderly brethren.

One day Frank Michaels came to me to be baptized, but the rain prevented. While it was still raining, two gentlemen from Louisville, Kentucky, ran in and we sheltered them for an hour. They were merchants.

On Sunday, June 8th, I went to the water and baptized Brother Cooper; then I preached at eleven, when a granddaughter to Dr. B. F. Hall put in a letter accompanied with an acknowledgment for dancing. I am thankful that she saw the error of her way before it was too late. There is little danger to the person who knows that the tide will bear him out to sea, for he will not allow himself to drift; but the danger is in heedless drifting on the tide of low pleasures. Dancing is a dangerous and treacherous tide.

[Dancing seems to have been fairly common in those days. For instance, once an all-night Ju-Tang was staged in a farmhouse up in Collin County. The house was a three-room frame affair with a lean-to kitchen. In the front room were a center-table (on which were placed some half-dozen ornamental shells, a picture album, and an oil lamp), three or four chairs with rawhide bottoms, and an old-fashioned wood stove. The tin stovepipe extended upward to the ceiling, thence entirely across the room to meet the flue on the opposite side. It was held in position by baling wires strung at intervals downward and around it in the shape of a V. The floor was bare.

The Ju-Tang started at seven and ended at seven the next morning. Among those present was one large, raw-boned, loose-shanked farmer boy called "Tiny-Foot," mainly because he wore a number twelve shoe. He would always insist upon leading the dance, and

since there was no other music on this night, he was delegated to lead the singing. Just about the time he got to "going good," swinging those big feet about with reckless anbandon and singing in a boisterous voice,

> Coffee grows on a white-oak tree,
> And th' river flows with brandy O!
> Purtiest lil' gal I ever did see—
> Sweet as 'lasses candy O!

one of those big feet smashed through the floor and on down to the ground beneath. This mishap caused him to fling his right arm wildly. It struck the stove-pipe, and down it came, soot and all, upon the Ju-Tangers. When the smoke had cleared away so that the dancers could see one another, they roared with laughter. They put the stove back and went on with the Ju-Tang, but they would have been taken for *darkies* had a stranger suddenly appeared on the scene.

—The Editors]

* * *

Much rain fell during June, and I had to do my work between showers. On the 18th I planted potatoes in the forenoon. After dinner Brother J. R. Darnall and I met the Committee on Debate, composed of Messrs. Nobles, Buchanan, and Biggs. We tried for some time to agree, but failed as to the propositions. Finally, we agreed to meet and preach at Weston on the difference between the M. E. Church, South, and the Christian Church. At preaching I had a fine representation of Methodists to hear my talk on baptism. I confined my investigation to the English Scriptures, for I see a

great folly in going into a Greek criticism before a people who know nothing of what you say.

July found us in the oat field. We cut part of the day, but as the wind was high, we quit at noon. On the following day we cut about twelve acres for father—I was very tired at night. The next day we cut a few more oats and bound and shocked until noon; then we went to the creek and afterward to the mill. We shelled our corn, selecting the white ears from among the red and yellow ones as if we were separating the sheep from the goats. Sometimes we raised blisters on the palms of our hands, especially if the grains were sharp-ended. On our way from the mill, the newly-ground meal was soft and we could feel its warmth through the sack.

The mill-stones ground slowly. A man of our community told me that he took his corn to Rhea's Mill one day. After standing outside for hours waiting for his "turn" to be ground, he suddenly heard a mournful wailing inside the mill. Wondering what it could be, he went in and looked around. Following the direction indicated by the wail, he came finally to the meal-spout. There stood a lean, lank old hound lapping up the meal as it ran out. The dog often found time to raise his long, sharp nose into the air and howl for more.

* * *

Tuesday, the 17th, I left for Kaufman, fifty-five miles distant. I fell in company with Brother Ed Stiff and children on the way to Dick Bay's, in Rockwall County—or below Rockwall. We had the ill luck to

break one wheel of our carriage and with other hindrances did not reach Bay's until eleven o'clock at night. While our hostess was preparing some food, I fell asleep, but was aroused to eat. I continued my journey the next day and reached Kaufman in time to preach at night in the Presbyterian Church. I preached there the next day, but when Lord's day came and we assembled for preaching, we found Mr. Hudson in the pulpit. It being his regular appointment, he gave me no attention, but preached away. When he had finished and was about to dismiss the audience, I called for the privilege of announcing my appointment for three o'clock and again at night at the Court-house. A large crowd attended the evening meeting, among them Mr. Hudson, who withdrew his appointment for the night and gave me the use of the house.

After a ten-day meeting I left for home. When I reached McKinney, I learned that A. J. Tucker, an old citizen, had been shot and killed by his son-in-law. Whisky was the mover in the work.

On the 6th I attended the sale of personal property of H. H. Tucker, deceased, and acted as clerk. Twenty head of horses and mules were sold at figures ranging from ten dollars to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I made only one purchase—a gun. After the sale closed we sat down to a very good dinner. The following Monday I heard that there had been some trouble at the camp meeting the night before. Policemen had shot at some boys who were in mischief.

It is too bad when children turn out to be disturbers of holy worship or the peace of the community. Near Rhea's Mill there were several young men who

delighted in making the smaller boys think they were tough. I remember one especially. His name was Bill Snooker. He was a tall, crooked, squint-eyed fellow with a white scar, shaped like a new moon, which curved across his chin. He said that he got the scar when he whipped four men at a country store in Hunt County. The younger boys believed him without question.

Bill owned a small, poor, flea-bitten mare, and liked to get down in the creek-bed and make his mare go at a mad gallop through the water and over the sharp rocks. Often the blood came from her cut and bruised fetlocks. The boys pitied the horse but were all afraid to protest.

Just south of the water gap a little way was an old hackberry tree that protruded out over a shallow pool of water. It was horizontal with the water and about ten feet above it.

One Sunday morning while the boys were down on the creek playing and having a good time, all at once they heard some one yelling at the top of his lungs. Then in a moment they heard the sharp ring and clatter of a horse's hoofs on the rocky creek-bottom. They knew it was Bill Snooker, and, fearing he would run over them, they ceased their work on rock houses and straightened up just as Bill swept by, his spurs stuck in his mare's bloody sides and his broad-brimmed hat blown straight back by the wind. He did not see the over-hanging tree but dashed on into the pool. The tree caught him just under the chin. His arms flew out like a bird's wings, his feet left the stirrups, and he hit the water spread out like a flying squirrel. He would

have fared very well if his head had not struck a rock. When the boys pulled him out of the shallow water, he had a lump on his head like a croquet ball.

He never tried to be tough again; and Jim Davis, who had lived in Hunt County, later explained that the scar on his chin was the result of a horse's kicking him when he had stuck her with a pitchfork.

CHAPTER XVI

1874

The New Year opened with a wedding at B. F. White's, Farmington, Grayson County. Mittie, Stella, and I attended. Both of the contracting parties were of the Farmington Church. The children were very playful, but I managed to get them quiet. We came home the next morning.

During a cold spell that followed, I helped to kill hogs, and brought home one that had been given to me. One night I set a small trap for mice and caught eight at one fell swoop. The next night Mittie tried her luck, trapping ten and killing one in a hand-to-hand fight.

The same week, Nick (my brother) and I went a-rabbit-hunting. Rabbits were plentiful that winter and were likely to do a great injury to young crops and fruit trees in the spring if they were not killed off. During the cold weather they had gnawed the tender bark of hundreds of small wild bushes. We took some home, where we skinned and drew them. Mittie fried them, made some gravy and hot biscuits, and we were soon enjoying a feast fit for a king.

* * *

In our community was a great hunter named Bill Simpson. Bill had thirteen grey-hounds. Whenever his landlord gave him a choice between staying on the

rented farm or getting rid of his dogs, he always stuck to his hounds, for he had rather chase jack rabbits than eat. As there was a large pasture on a farm close to my house, he frequently came over to stage his races. He couldn't see very well at a distance, being near-sighted; so he thought his favorite hound, "Ole Blue," was always in the lead. One day his dogs jumped a big jack rabbit and chased it al lover the pasture (strange to say, a jack rabbit will not run into a thicket) until it was all but tired out. Finally, it came bounding down right by the house. Sure enough, Old Blue was in the lead. But when she saw us, she stopped with a sudden rebound. Whereupon, an old crippled cur dog named "Ring," seeing that the rabbit was done for, started after it and soon caught it. Bill could only make out that some dog had caught a rabbit, but he exclaimed to his son Horace: "Dad Jim, Hor'ce, 'Ole Blue' cotch him!"

This same Horace was the fellow who tried to sell a frend of mine a squirrel rifle. "How far will it shoot?" my friend asked him.

"Wal," he said coolly, "it shoots a purty fur distance. The bullet goes two thousand yards on th' level, and a'ter that, it starts risin'."

Love for hunting was not kept to old or professional huntsmen, however. I came once upon two very young men, one of whose faces was considerably scarred. The elder brother explained the scars to me.

"If there had been no Civil War, it would never have happened; for if there had been no such war, father would not have owned an old musket and we would not have planned that hunting trip. It was late in Novem-

ber—cold gray day with a hint of snow in the air. Mother told father that they would have to go to the village three miles distant to buy a new wood stove, as the one we had had completely burned out. He agreed that she was right, and accordingly they got ready, hitched the mules to the wagon, and told us to get our hats. When we told them that we did not want to go, they were astonished, for never before had we failed to set up a howl whenever there was somewhere to go. But we insisted that they let us stay at home. We would be good boys—I was twelve and Walker nine—and play in the yard, and by no means would we think of going to the creek to chase rabbits.

"They left, and we followed them with our eyes until they disappeared over the long hill to the north of the house. Then I got a dining chair, put a goods box upon it, and, by considerable stretching and grunting, got the old musket down from its high rack over the front door. To hunt with that gun had been our burning desire. We would talk secretly of it by day and dream of it by night. Now our great day had come! After I had handed the musket to Walker, I got the powder horn and the caps from off the wooden peg where they hung and got down from the box.

"Then we went into the kitchen. Out of the old-fashioned safe, we got a tea cup. We filled it level full of powder and poured it into the barrel of the gun. Next we found an old newspaper and used it for wadding. We took the ramrod and crammed a whole page of that newspaper down upon that cupful of powder. Then we went into the yard and hunted up some large smooth fencing wire, almost as big around as one's

little finger, and, laying it across 'the old iron thing,' we cut it into slugs about a quarter of an inch long. A double handful of these we dropped one by one into the barrel and tamped them down with another sheet of paper. To make sure that we were loaded for big game, we cut a slug out of a dogwood limb, sharpened it at one end, and forced it down on top of the other load.

"By this time it was spitting snow and the wind was much colder, but we did not mind the elements; we were going hunting. For three and a half miles we walked, I lugging the heavy musket, and Walker trudging along beside me. We kept up a hot argument as to who should have the first shot. I contended that I should because I had got the gun down. He said he had thought of the whole scheme first and therefore had the first choice in the matter. We walked on. The snow fell thicker and white spots were appearing on the banks of the ravines. Once I stepped into a gully and the cold muddy water filled my shoes; but I paid that no mind.

"Finally we reached the west bank of Wilson Creek. We had seen several cotton-tail rabbits and snowbirds as we came along, but we were looking for big game. We were in the edge of a grove of slender persimmon trees, and were standing between the creek bank and a thick briar patch. I saw a mouse hawk perched on the top limb of a tall pecan tree that stood on the east bank of the creek, at least an eighth of a mile away. I pointed to it, and started to raise the gun to shoot. Walker objected, and I reluctantly handed the musket to him.

"The gun was so heavy and Walker so small that he

could not level it at the hawk to take true aim. Anyway he raised the gun and pulled the trigger.

"My ear drums almost cracked. The roar of the explosion filled the air and rolled and echoed along the rock cliffs of Wilson Creek. Something went whirring by my right ear, smoke boiled all round, and I heard something tearing through the briars. Then I turned sick at the stomach.

"Finally, when the tumult died down, I began to look about me in a dazed sort of way to see if I could find some fragments of my brother, who had suddenly become very dear to me, hanging about on the briars. He was lying, all tattered and torn, in the center of the briar patch, at the end of a nice tunnel that his body had cut. His face was black, bleeding, and powder-burnt. I extricated him as painlessly as I could. We found the old musket sticking in the ground at least ten feet behind where brother was lying. The heavy iron powder 'tube' had blown off, the only reason why the barrel did not burst. The barrel had been wrenched loose from the stock, which had been twisted and splintered. The ramrod had been thrown out, and we picked it up unbroken at the foot of a persimmon tree.

"We took up the fragments of the old musket and the unbroken ramrod and went home.

"When father and mother got home, father demonstrated that a musket could be dangerous without lock, stock, or barrel, for he wore us out with the ramrod."

But Tom Fuller was the great hunter. Rabbits were mere flies to him. He said that he started out on Honey Creek one day to kill a rabbit for dinner. He did not

have much hope of getting one, as rabbits had been unusually scarce that season. He had walked about three or four miles without seeing any. Suddenly one jumped out of an old brush pile right at his feet. He killed it, and the report of the gun jumped another, which he also killed. That report scared up another, and before he knew it, he had killed a hundred or more.

"I jest begin," he said, "ter throw them in a pile alongside the crick. The pile kep' a-growin' en' I kep' a-shootin' ontil th' pile got so derned high that I cou'den' throw one ter th' top uv it, I got disgusted en' went home withouten no rabbit. It wa'n't no day fur huntin' nuther."

* * *

I arose early January 12th, yoked some oxen to my plough, and broke prairie all day. When I started the oxen on the pull, I noticed that the plow did not take hold at first but skimmed along over the top of the ground. I soon discovered the trouble; an old rusty bucket lid had become pressed against the point, preventing it from cutting into the grass roots. I removed it and I could then feel the gang take hold and sink deep into the ground, snapping the grass roots with a popping musical noise. That night I went to Pa's and had brother Jim cut my hair. While I sat on a goods box, he put an old apron of Ma's around my neck to keep the hairs from bothering me and proceeded to give me a first-rate hair cut.

On the 1st of February, I helped father kill a beef. The next morning father and I went to McKinney, where I bought a few tricks and received

twenty dollars for the church. I also got a check from Messrs. Grinnam and Duvall of Galveston for fifty dollars to finish the church-house in McKinney. This was a liberal and noble contribution.

A few days later, I planted some blue-grass seed on a piece of ground, intending to see if blue grass would thrive in Texas as well as in the blue-grass section of Kentucky. (I found that it would not!) The rest of the month I spent ploughing, cutting out stumps, planting Irish potatoes, reading, writing, and preaching to the people. In March I marked and branded some calves. This looked like cruel punishment for the innocent brutes, but was necessary in order to keep them frbm being confused with other stock or being branded as someone else's.

Uncle Dave O'Brien told this story of cattle branding. There was a farmer and stock raiser who lived out in the western part of the county. He had a way of branding any stray calves that he happened to find roaming about. A neighbor was a good partner in this clandestine calf branding. Many a poor widow's calves and yearlings bore the brand of the concentric circles used by these two men. Time went on, and Bill, who was older than Jim, was on his death bed. Uncle Dave went with Jim to see him. Bill was very feeble and also somewhat repentant, seeing plainly that he would soon have to account for the strays.

"Wal, Bill, how yer feelin'?" asked Jim, as the two entered the sick-room.

"Mighty porely, Jim," came a weak voice from the bed in a dark corner. "Guess I'm a goner this time, pardner. Say, Jim! Jim—air ye thar?"

Jim said he was.

"Say, Jim! der ye mind all them widder-wimmen's calves en' yerlins' thet we branded in times gone? De ye recken I could kinder square it up with the Lord 'fore I have ter meet Him? I have been layin' here a-tryin' ter count up how many—" His voice trailed off.

Jim turned to Uncle Dave. "I say, Dave, we'd better be a-goin'; we'd better be gettin' along now. His mind's a-gettin' flighty! He don't know what he's sayin' no more. Let's be movin' along, Dave, 'fore he goes crazy ontirely."

[There was another use for branding in some cases. In the early days in Texas the prairie was all out; that is, there was very little grazing ground under fence. In the late fall, the cattlemen and farmers would drive their cattle in for the wintering. They always carried strong ropes with them with which to pull cows and calves out of the sticky mud in case they bogged down. The cow or calf that could not get out by itself was marked, because it showed by its weakness that it would have to be fed through the cold winter. Those that could free themselves from the mud were considered strong and healthy enough to winter on the dry but rich grass of the prairie.

—The Editors.]

* * *

Mittie had been poorly for several days, and by the 16th of March, she was so bad that I sent for the doctor and stayed at home and attended her, sitting up at night and giving her medicine.

We had a young doctor, but a very good one. Young doctors, however well trained, had a hard time building up a practice. Whiskers were indispensable to success. No amount of professional training at college could compete with age and experience. If the doctor were not an old man, he was known as the "young doctor" and avoided by many people with sick folks.

A friend told me of one young doctor who had tried hard to get patients in a similar community, but had failed right along. Finally he bought a fast, race-type horse—a long, poor, wild-looking animal—and a light cart. Obviously he got them on credit, and, I imagine, from someone in a distant town. One morning as Claude was standing on the square looking around, he heard something swish by like a whirlwind. It was young Doctor——. I wonder who's sick, he thought. Whoever it is must be powerfully bad. He asked several, but nobody knew. The news spread—the Doctor had a patient! The Doctor did the same thing the next day, and the next. He started from home whipping his horse, and by the time he reached the square—he always came that way—he would be going at a headlong gallop.

"Who's ailin' now?" some loafer would ask. "I jest seed Dr. ——— go by like a bat outer hell."

He advertised himself by exciting curiosity.

Claude was fooled too. But one morning as he was going along just outside the edge of the village to chop cotton for Green King, suddenly Dr. ——— dashed by in a cloud of dust. He went in a mad gallop until

he was out of sight over a small hill. Claude walked on and, as he topped the hill, he saw the Doctor sitting calmly in the shade of a hackberry tree eating a watermelon. The melon wagon had drawn his attention from business.

* * *

I did not feel very work-brittle in the daytime after sitting up at night, but I worked in the garden, planting Irish potatoes, lettuce, and beans. I wanted to get the garden in, for I wanted plenty of green vegetables for the table later in the season. Also I bought ten bushels of seed corn from Pa at one dollar a bushel, and came home and planted it. This corn was well selected, and I hoped for a bountiful harvest. A week later, I took Laura (the negro girl) home and made a good distance trying to find another one, but failed. The next day I preached at Hackberry Grove on the subject of dancing. I had a very good hearing, after which J. T. Hunn made acknowledgments and was forgiven. I thought: Anybody can do wrong, but it takes a man with the grace of God in his heart to admit his sin.

The weather was rather cold during the first few days of May, and on the fourth, it was uncomfortable without an overcoat, but I kept busy, planting corn over and setting out sweet potato slips. On Sunday, the 10th, it rained all forenoon and we had no preaching; so Brother Miller Varmoy and I studied the Bible and sang. I was much edified by our worship together.

On the following Tuesday I got up and found my

horse rolling with colic, and so had to spend the greater part of the day medicating him. He was no better that day, nor the next, and by then my hopes for his getting well were slim. On the 23rd, I drove him off to die, and went fishing. I was glad that I never found where he died. The next day I went to hear Biggs deliver a ridiculous tobacco lecture. I had to walk to church.

[The Rev. Joab Harrel Biggs, a pioneer Methodist preacher who came to Texas in 1846, rode a circuit of three hundred miles in North Texas. Wherever night overtook him, regardless of the state of the weather, he would stop, unsaddle his horse, take the saddle for a pillow, and with his saddle-blanket for his only cover, sleep till day. He often had no food except water—cornbread or hoecake, which was molded and green. He received about sixty dollars a year for his preaching, and would take clothing or anything else he could use. He lived at Bonham, but stayed at home very little, as it took several weeks for him to make his round. He preached in the lonely homes of the settlers, undoubtedly bringing hope to many of these hardy people. He never wore a pair of trousers, but always dressed in what was called the "Father Hubbard" style—a sort of loose-fitting over-all with a bib.

This pioneer preacher was against the use of tobacco in any form, and to fight it composed the following songs, which he had his son sing in a campaign against tobacco in Collin County. It is to the combination of lecture and songs that Elder Horn refers.

TOBACCO

Tune: *All the Way Long It Is Jesus*

Tobacco is what the people will chew,
They'll dip or snuff it and smoke it too:
All the way long it is filthy;
Filthy, filthy, why all the way long it is filthy.

The slobbers often run down the chin,
And there you can see it's filthy again:
All the way long it is filthy;
Filthy, filthy, why all the way long it is filthy.

Filthy at first and filthy at last,
As filthy a road as ever was passed:
All the way long it is filthy;
All the way long it is filthy, all the way long it is filthy.

TOBACCO UNION

Come old and young and hear me tell
How strong tobacco smokers smell;
Who love to smoke their pipes so well
That for tobacco they will sell
Their right to social union.

They clean their pipe stem with a wire,
Then fill the bowl and put in fire,
And smoke until it does expire;
Nor do they ever seem to tire
While in this laborous union.

Sometimes within the church we view
The slobbers run a foot or two;
For persons they will spit and chew
Enough to make a buzzard spew—
And sing of heavenly union.

Some ladies dip tobacco snuff,
While others have a pipe and puff,
And others chew the nasty stuff:
And all their mouths look bad enough
To sing of filthy union.

The preacher too might quit the weed,
From this expense be always freed
And save his money that he'd need
And still in nicer things might lead
And talk to us of union.

DOXOLOGY

Tune: *Show Pity, Lord*

I'd like to quit tobacco weed, for it no more to spend a dime;
Then I could have just what I need and never have to buy on time.

But, O! I fear the time is past and now this often causes grief,
I fear tobacco has me fast, and now I know of no relief.

But I am doomed to use the stuff, a habit I shall always dread,
For every year I spend enough to clothe my feet, my hands, and head.

Come, boys and girls, and hear me now, and let the nasty weed alone,
And every year you'll save a cow, both while you are young and grown.

—The Editors]

During the remaining days of the month and the first few days of June I worked in the harvest. This was hard work, and I was very tired at night, but I worked in my garden by moonlight. June 4th Jim and I ran the reaper all day, and finished father's crop and mine by the next morning at ten o'clock. Then we went to Honey Creek and took a genteel wash.

On Saturday, June 13th, I went as usual to my appointment in Farmington, where I arrived and preached at night. I took supper with Brother Hodge's family. We had venison, as they had recently killed three deer. I came home on Monday, reaching the house within five minutes of the birth of my second daughter. No such occurrence was expected when I left. All came off well, though Dr. Rubottom got there too late. A few days later we named her Martha Eliza, but we soon began calling her Mattie.

On the following Monday Brother Miller and I went to Brother Stark's and got a horse for me to ride to my appointments. He cost the churches one hundred and twenty-five dollars and was a present to me in the greater part. On Wednesday I hoed my cabbage. Then I broke my horse to the plow and began laying by my corn. I used a "bull-tongue" plow and ran once to the middle, as I could not plow near the corn for fear of damaging the roots. It was hot work for

both man and beast, and we were soon in a heavy sweat. I ploughed awhile, then let my horse blow while I hoed a few rounds. I finished ploughing and thinning my corn the next day, and on Friday went to Pa's and cradled oats in the afternoon. Swinging a cradle is good for one's appetite.

We had roasting ears on the first day of July. Corn on the cob, with a liberal dash of salt and a thick coat of country butter, is hard to beat. July was very hot and dry, and the heat told on the general health. Flies and insects were bad and made living in the house, or elsewhere in the shade, rather bothersome. I did little work during this month or the next, as I had my crops laid by. One evening Nick and I went on a bee hunt, but failed to find any of the industrious little fellows.

I finished sowing my wheat on the first day of October. On the third I left home early for White Mound and saw a grave being dug for a Mr. Ealy, who had been killed by damps in a well. Ordinarily the well-digger after being out for a while would drop a sparrow into the well; if it died he knew it was dangerous to go down and would wait some time before making another trial. Farther down the way, I found a Mr. Robinson sick by the road and administered to his wants. I took him to Brother Kelley's and, when he grew better, left him.

Numerous tasks occupied my attention during November. One day I taught, assisted Mittie to wash, and went to Pa's to grind my axe. I also covered some cabbage to keep it from freezing, read at night in *The Gospel Plan of Salvation,* and wrote some in my Diary.

I rode to my appointments, often in the rain, which was very cold, and through boggy roads and lanes almost belly-deep to my horse. One morning I went to McKinney and bought a wash-kettle and a sack of salt. I paid two dollars and seventy-five cents for the salt. That evening I killed three of my hogs and cut them out. On the next day, I salted my meat and helped Mittie to grind the sausage. We put sage, salt, and pepper in the ground sausage, and then stuffed it into long sacks, and hung it up in the smoke-house to cure, so that we could slice and fry it as needed through the winter.

No day on the farm in Collin County was more exciting than hog-killing day. A roaring fire was built under large iron kettles, and water was heated with which to scald the hogs. Then an open-mouthed wooden barrel was placed in the ground at an angle of forty-five degrees. Tripods made of large posts were set up to hang the hogs on. Some strong man would knock the hog in the head with an axe and stick it with a butcher knife, to allow it to bleed freely. When it was dead, four men took it by the legs (usually there was a boy along who held its tail and thought he was helping) and plunged it a few times into the the hot steaming water. After it had been scraped clean, it was hung and drawn.Then it was taken down, cut into pieces, and placed on top of the back porch to cool before being salted down. The boys usually got the bladders and blew them up with air, after which they would put pebbles in them and tie the mouths so that the pebbles would rattle. These they would keep

until the Fourth of July, when they would burst them. They were their only fire-works.

I remember one old lady whom we called Aunt Liz. She was great at serving only one thing at a time. One day just after hog-killing time, some boys went to eat dinner with her. She had nothing but pig tails on the table. After she had helped every one to a pig tail, she calmly remarked, "Wal, I b'lieve I'll take a pig tail too."

Good hog stories were commonly a part of the "hog-killing time." One day a stranger passed through the woods near a farmer's house in East Texas and saw three hogs running about as if crazy. They would dart up to a tree, stop suddenly, grunt, sniff at the tree a moment, then dash madly off towards another tree at a distance of perhaps fifty yards, repeat the strange actions, and dash off again. They kept up these antics until they were so exhausted that they could hardly take another step, then fell down apparently dead. Being very curious, and seeing a loghouse in a clearing nearby, the stranger walked up to the door and rapped with a stick on the facing. A tall, sad-faced, sandy-haired East Texan came to the door.

"Come in," he whispered.

The stranger stepped in.

"I notice you have a cold, Friend," he said sympathetically.

"'Tain't thet, Stranger—'tain't thet, er tall," he whispered hoarsely. "It's thiserway. I uster raise a good pa'sel o' hogs, en I wud go out en' call' em in ter ther feed et night. I done thet ontil I lost my voice; then I'd knock on th' corner uv th' corn-crib with a

pine stick en' they wud come to ther feed. But this spring thar come a eperdemic uv 'em thar red-head' woodpeckers inter these parts, en' upter yisterday, all my hogs 'cepten three hed run 'emselves ter death, en' I 'low they's dead by this."

We also had a good deal of fun guessing the weight of hogs. Then we would weigh them. We had a unique method of doing this. We would place a long log across a shorter one, and tie the hog to be weighed to one end of the long log. Afterwards we would pile rocks on the other end until the rocks and the hog just balanced. Then we would guess at the weight of the rocks. This seems strange, but the weight of certain kinds of rocks could, by much practice, be guessed almost to the pound.

CHAPTER XVII

1875

It rained much on the first day of January, 1875, and I worked some in the rain, hauling wood. This was not pleasant work, but as we had to have firewood for the cooking stove and the heater, I had to buckle down to it anyway. I came in after I finished and enjoyed the fruits of my labors by sitting around a good hot fire and reading. The next day I left shortly after breakfast for White Mound, and found the roads very muddy. At times my horse had a hard time to pull its feet out of the stiff bog, but we both persevered and finally reached our destination. I preached to a small audience. They had had a hard time getting there as well as I. The next day being Lord's day, I preached again; I married a couple in the evening. On Monday morning, which was very cold, I left for home soon after breakfast and rode until two o'clock; my hands, feet, and nose got very cold. I hardly know which suffered more, my horse or myself.

On the morrow I went to McKinney and did some trading. On my way back I hired Mr. Edon to work a while. It was very hard to get steady hands to work on the farm; they were nearly all drifters, who wandered about from place to place. As soon as they got filled up on something to eat, or got into debt, they

would make off without ceremony, leaving the farmer with the sack to hold.

One time a neighbor of mine, a large cotton planter, was in the weeds, but could get no help, as wheat harvest was on in full swing. The cotton patch was so far from the house that the men always took dinner with them. The five of them took quite a large amount of food to fill them after they had chopped weeds and grass from sun-up until twelve o'clock. They had no watch, and so listened for the gin whistle at Rhea's Mill.

One day as they had just settled themselves under the shade of a hackberry tree, one of the boys looked up and saw a dirty, hungry-looking tramp coming down the cotton rows. He asked the farmer for a job. The planter merely pointed to a hoe and told him to go to it. The beggar said he would work the rest of the summer, but that he would have to eat before he could work. My neighbor was kind-hearted, and, very much to the dissatisfaction of his boys, permitted the tramp to eat about half of their dinner. After dinner the tramp did very well for about ten minutes. Then suddenly he threw his hoe down in the cotton middle, grabbed his head, and wailed,

"Thet's it! Ever' time I git a good job I have to take this tarnation ole headache."

With that he started walking away and the last they saw of him was his ragged shirt-tail as it disappeared around a green clump of wild plum bushes at a bend in the creek.

* * *

A blue norther came up in the evening, and that night was the coldest of the season. We had to have a roaring fire to keep warm. The next morning Mr. Edon left for his uncle's. I did nothing outside but cut firewood. Later in the week I hustled out early one day and went to D. W. O'Brien's to see a cow that he had to sell, but not liking her, I borrowed one of B. A. O'Brien, which he was willing for me to milk for her feed, and brought her home. I spent the following day cutting timber. I kept tolerably warm down in the woods at work. Once in a while I would see a rabbit and stop to chase him, which added spice to my labors.

A few days later I went to McKinney to get some groceries and notions. I had a very pleasant trip over, but a cold one coming back, as a fresh norther blew up while I was in town. No one can tell about Texas weather. It is more fickle than a coquette. Only a fool or a newcomer makes prophecies about it. The next morning everything was covered with ice, and, with the bright sun, it was a beautiful sight.

At prayer meeting on Wednesday night, January 20th, I learned that Mr. Weeks had cut his knee badly with a rail axe. So the next day I went by his house and made him a crutch, then turned the grindstone while he ground my axe. By Friday the weather had faired up, and I enjoyed my work of cutting and hauling wood. The next morning I helped Mittie about her washing, and then left for Mantua to meet my appointment.

I returned by Mr. Watson's and hired his son to come and live with me. I agreed to pay him seven dollars and keep per month. We worked at rail-making

Tuesday and on Wednesday we shelled a turn of corn and took it to the mill at McKinney. On Friday I learned a lesson in total depravity after my hired boy went to bed. I found that he had pocketed my gold button. So the next day I started for Pilot Grove and carried him home, where I hoped that his parents would teach him better morals. I brought back some little cedars, which I set out carefully in my yard. I was very proud of them, for their fresh green took away some of the gloom of winter.

About the middle of February, I went to Mr. Wilmeth's and got some peach and apple trees, which I set out. I then planted some onion sets, also some beets, radishes, and peas. I sowed oats for two days; then burned brush. I heard of several deaths in the community; there were quite a number of cases of meningitis and measles among the folks. I spent the last two days of the month at my appointment at Mantua, getting back to Brother Cooper's in time for a bird netting. We drove in several plump quail and had a bountiful repast at night.

I returned home on the first of March and found Nick in bed with measles. That meant that he would have to stay close for perhaps three weeks, to avoid a fatal back-set; so I borrowed his gray mare and, for the next four or five days, busied myself breaking prairie.

Snow, snow, snow!
Let the wind blow!

would have been a good cry for the following Saturday; for it started early and snowed in winding sheets

all day until the ground was covered. I had finished plowing my prairie by the middle of the month, and I then planted my Irish potatoes. It was not in the dark of the moon, but, as the old lady said, I had rather have my potatoes planted in the ground than in the moon. All were agreed that potatoes planted in the light of the moon would go to vines and make no potatoes; but they never agreed as to whether the light of the moon comes before or after the full moon.

The next morning I set out some onions and bedded my sweet potatoes. I hoped to have plenty of slips from my hot-bed later in the season. The following week I planted my corn. I enjoyed planting, as I always do, for the promise of a harvest, even in this world, is stimulating to my mind.

I hauled corn from Jim's on Friday, April 2nd, and the next morning I planted beans before starting for White Mound. When I returned from my appointments, I planted sorghum cane and watermelon seeds. I also sowed some millet. The following Tuesday I went to Weston to meet T. B. McCombs in debate. As he did not show up, I preached to the people assembled. My corn was up by the following Monday—pretty and green. I could see it from one end of the rows to the other; so I started plowing it. The April air was fresh and the turned soil smelt sweet; many birds followed me to feed on the worms my plow uncovered.

My thirty-first birthday, April the 26th, I celebrated by setting out sweet potato slips. I went to McKinney the next Wednesday and heard that Mr. G. W. Grimes had been robbed the night before of about seventy-

eight dollars—all he had to live on. Poor victim, I pity him; poor robber, I pity him too.

I was busy as usual until Sunday, May 8th, when Mittie and I started to Farmington with the children. We had not journeyed more than two miles before a wheel of our buggy broke down, and Mittie and the children had to go back. I went on to my appointment on horseback. The next day a neighbor helped me to haul my buggy to Mr. Weeks's for a new set of wheels. On Thursday evening the young people met at our house and sang. It made our hearts glad to have them, and to join with them in the praise of the Master. Several spent the night with us.

June brought bright sunshine, and waving wheat-fields. I helped Mr. Weeks cut grain on the first day, and cut wheat for myself with a cradle the following two days, binding and shocking it. Since it was rather slow work and I had other duties to perform, I did not finish for several days. On the 15th, I began harvesting oats.

I had harvested and stacked my oats by the 24th of July. On that day my family and I left McKinney for Nashville, Tennessee. We took the H. & T. C. Railroad and the M. K. & T. Railroad for Sedalia, Missouri. I recognized many objects in Texas and the "Territory." We traveled all night, sleeping on the cars. Spreading our way through Kansas and Southern Missouri, we reached Sedalia about nine o'clock the next morning. We left for Nashville about seven in the evening. Daylight found us crossing the Ohio River, with the cars on a boat. We traveled on through Kentucky via the L. & N. Railroad to Gallatin, where

we put up with Tom Day overnight. Brother Franklin was for us before we were done breakfast, and soon we were jolting along the old familiar road towards home.

Arrived at father Franklin's, we found all well. We had a good dinner and spent the afternoon very pleasantly. The next day we enjoyed the company of the home folks and the kin who called to see us. We stayed in the Old State for over a month, during which I visited many familiar scenes where I had labored while in Tennessee. I preached several times, but found the church cold and the world indifferent. There had been many changes since I left.

Mittie was not well on the night of the 18th of October, but as we had prepared to leave for Texas on Tuesday, the 19th, we bade the family a sad goodbye and started for Gallatin in charge of Billy Franklin. We took the cars from that place at midnight. By daylight, we were near Louisville, Kentucky, where we arrived about seven in the morning. We left almost at once for Saint Louis. The last night's travel brought us to Sedelia. We noticed that the corn was fine all the way through Kansas, the corn state. About four o'clock in the morning, the whistle blew for McKinney; we were indeed glad to hear it. We put up at the McKinney House for a square meal, but it proved to be a "little square." We spent the night at our own home. Truly there is no place like home.

The next day was Lord's day, and I felt that my work demanded my attention; so, in company with Brother Thomas Franklin, I went to Mantua and preached to the people. They were glad to see me and to know that I was back in Texas once more. I had

been gone what seemed like a long time. Thus I realized how quickly one may become a part of all he meets.

Work went on with little interruption during the last two months of 1875. I killed hogs and salted the meat down, helped move a house with wagons and teams, helped look after the sick, and did what I could for the advancement of the Master's Kingdom.

> Like stars that fade at break of day,
> Or clouds that sink beneath the sky;
> So Time doth fade old years away,
> And new ones bring to fade and die.

As farmers and tenants were arranging their affairs for the coming year about this time, they frequently had to borrow money, mortgaging their land or other property. There was one old gentleman who was a good hand at taking mortgages on the stock and implements of the farmers to whom he sold goods. Whenever the debt came due, he would immediately foreclose and take the mortgaged property.

One day a number of men were standing around in his store. Suddenly one of them said, "Fellers, I had a quare dream last night. I dreampt I died and went to Hell. I got ter looken aroun' over Hell fur to see what I could see, an' run acrost a big iron kettle. Says I, 'I'll jest turn it over and disciver what's under thar.'

"I started to turn it over, when the Devil seed me, and yelled, 'Hey, thar, don't turn over that pot!'

"Says I, 'Why not?'

"Says he, 'Wal, it's thisaway. I've got Hiram Smith under thar. You let him out and he'll have a mortgage on Hell inside er fifteen minutes.' "

CHAPTER XVIII

1876

It rained nearly all New Year's Eve, but was cool in the morning. Thus the New Year began his circuit with mud under foot and chill in the air. I went to McKinney in my buggy the next morning—had a muddy time of it and understood that notwithstanding the bad weather the big ball in the new courthouse had been well attended. It was said that two hundred people had been present. I had no doubt that so-called Christians were there, who would have stayed from church for a small sprinkle in broad daylight.

[Mrs. Maude Powell, of McKinney, has given a very vivid account of this ball. Evidently she did not share Mr. Horn's beliefs against dancing. She says that Miss Fanny Waddill was the most beautiful girl present.

"For weeks and weeks before, we had talked of nothing but the big ball that was to be held at the new county courthouse just finished on the 'court" square in McKinney. We could hardly wait for the time to come; and when it did come it was pouring down rain. There was no pavement and there were very few sidewalks in McKinney at that time, and mud—black and sticky—was everywhere. Certainly, New Year's Eve must have been a gloomy evening for some people,

but not for the fair belles and gallant young men of our society group. Formal notes had been sent to all of us girls by the young men, who dispatched them by negro boys. Some one of the men was always delegated to carry around a list of the ladies' names and each young man would check the name of the lady of his choice. We always watched for the little negro, for whenever we saw a certain one coming, we knew that we had been chosen by our beau. He would hand us a note: 'Compliments of Mr. J. H. Blank: he would be pleased to accompany Miss Blank to the Ball this evening at Eight o'clock.' An informal note was rare; and when a lady received one from a young man, she knew something else was coming.

"On the occasion of the Grand Ball, nearly all the girls were dressed in gowns of Tarleton Cloth, a net-like goods which was very stiff. My dress was Black Tarleton, spangled with silver, with a large bustle and long train. I wore cotton hose (we had never heard of silk stockings) and black slippers ornamented with silver. Tarleton was wide and stiff, and when it got wet, it simply collapsed. We tried hard to stay out of the rain. All the different colors were there that night: reds, pinks, yellows, light and dark greens, and white, all spangled and beautiful. The gentlemen wore evening dress.

"We went to the ball in Plemmon's old bus. Plemmon was an old-timer who met every train and took us to our dances and parties. We rode on seats that extended lengthwise of the bus, so that the two rows of boys and girls were facing one another. A wag called it a bussing party. The driver charged fifty cents

a couple; he made a neat sum that night and next morning.

"When we reached the courthouse, it was raining hard, and there was a scramble to get under shelter. We went directly upstairs and began our dance on the new floor. The harder it ranied, the harder we danced. Little did we mind the downpour, for all was merry inside, and hearts were light. At midnight, supper was served downstairs on a long pine table, improvised for the occasion. As that was before the day of sandwiches, we had a sure enough meal of pickles, bread, ham, and coffee. There was little drinking of whisky; I saw none at all. Supper over, we went back upstairs and on with the dance, not ceasing until daylight. We danced the square, the Polka, the Waltz, and the Schottische. Our favorite waltz song was "The Beautiful Blue Danube"; every heart thrilled that night to its sweet strains. Morning came too soon, and we girls went to our homes and to bed. But the men went to work; they would have been ashamed to sleep in the daytime in those days."

—THE EDITORS].

While in McKinney I received President Milligan's *Commentary on Hebrews,* and, when I got home, sketched it a little. Monday morning I went to breaking up my prairie. It was a beautiful day, warm and bright, and I enjoyed the work out in the open. We conversed at night about a subject that was being much debated, the use of the Bible in the public schools. It would be well for all to remember that this country has never yet decided upon the Bible. If one

is to be adopted for the public schools, the others must go by the board. This would lead to an established religion. If parents would bring up their children in the fear and admonition of the Lord, they would not need to have them taught Christianity in the schools. Let us have Sunday School to teach the Bible and day-schools for literary pursuits. Let us not bind a yoke on our own necks.

On the 5th, I ploughed some in my garden and trimmed my peach trees. At night I wrote some lines on the subject, "Exhort and Rebuke." I do not think that our brethren are giving as much time to exhortation as they should; they rebuke all for the sins of a few. The soul loves to meet a fervent spirit in a teacher of religion. If we should exhort our brethren more and find less fault with them, they would do better. I spent the 6th in work. I read some in the evening, as I was under obligation to debate with Elder R. W. Thomas the following week. That day a great humbug exhibited at McKinney. Many dollars left our county, and in their stead society was worsted. It is generally the case that men who have no support for their children go to circuses. And Christians who never have a spare dollar for the Lord spend their dollars here to gratify the lusts of the flesh.

Mittie and I went to McKinney the next day and did some trading. At night I examined Orchard's *History of the Baptists*. It is a history of the religionists of all ages, but most of it is a long shot from Baptist teachings of today. Our Baptist friends will have to find some other people as their ancestors, as many of those cited held baptism for remission of sins. None

were called Baptists at an early period of this history. They make the Day of Pentecost the birthday of the Christian Church. "I wonder when the Baptist Church was born and who its father was," thought I, as I read the history.

On the 8th I went to my appointment at Farmington, and, on the 9th, Sunday, preached to the people on the evidences of the truth of our Bible over the book of Mormon and the Koran, and the propriety of teaching the Bible in the schools.

I went over to White Mound Monday, and found all ready for the debate. The next morning the debate began at the church-house about twelve o'clock. Dr. Wright stated the proposition, and R. W. Thomas proceeded to give the Baptist doctrine from Wayland. He had read seventeen articles of faith but had attempted to prove only two when his time expired.

I arose and attacked the ideas of hereditary depravity, the direct operation of the Spirit, and the mourner's bench experience. He failed to notice any of these things in his second speech, and I mentioned then again.

We resumed the discussion the next day at ten, and continued four hours. The audience was large and very attentive. Many Baptists and Presbyterians assisted Mr. Thomas all the way through, but up to that time I had had no counsel whatever. And Mr. Thomas had failed to prove a single point denied by me; his friends admitted it.

We continued a third day. I took the oar in my hand and the boat moved off in the proper direction. I read my faith from the New Testament and left Mr.

Thomas to refute it if he could. By this time he had enlisted Mitchell, Hale, McCombs, and a few privates as aids in his work. His old musty books had grown to twenty-four volumes.

After an intermission, R. C. Buckner tried to aid Thomas by an effort at night on the Witness of the Spirit. But I was not at all discouraged.

The fourth day at ten found Thomas still among his books, with McCombs and Mitchell at his side, making references for him. I put him to proof as to the language of Brother A. Campbell, and he failed to find it. I informed him that I would not pay any attention to boys' statements of what we teach. We had an intermission of thirty minutes, and the discussion closed about three. The church here made a challenge to the Baptists to put me against any man they had of good standing.

The next day it was generally conceded that the Baptists would not want to have another debate soon at White Mound, and if they did that they would not want R. W. Thomas to represent them.

After breakfast on Sunday morning, I harnessed my horse to my buggy and started home. It rained on me nearly all the way, and it was night when I reached home. While the rain poured down upon our roof, I thanked the good Lord for the privilege of being again in the home circle.

I went to father's in the morning, and while it rained outside I tried to catch up with reading and answering letters and reading the papers. The following day at McKinney, Brother Connell and I learned that Smallpox had broken out again. That night I read two chap-

ters of the *Life of Sir Walter Scott,* by William Baxter. I then questioned Brother Connell, Sister Lou, and Mittie on the matter read. We had a profitable discussion.

On the 19th, I hung my meat; some of it had spoiled on account of the unusually warm weather. I learned later that many of the folks had lost their meat for the same reason. I read some in the *Times* and some in the Bible.

The next day I hauled poles and wood until dinner, and in the evening plowed some. Afterwards Brother B. A. O'Brien and I went to T. J. Hunsaker's where I joined a couple in marriage. We had a good social in way of a supper, with a huge turkey cock to grace the occasion. The marriage took place, as marriages usually did, at early candle light. The candles had been made of beeswax procured from the honey of wild bees and moulded for the purpose.

The young man generally courted his sweetheart while they went to and from church on horseback—she on a side-saddle with a long, flowing riding skirt which would reach almost to the ground. When the two arrived at the church, she would dismount from the horse to the stile-block and remove her riding skirt. The young man would then hang the skirt on the horn of her saddle, and fling the stirrup across it to hold it on. She would wait till he had hitched the horses. At the church door they would separate; he would sit on the side of the church reserved for men, and she on the side reserved for women. Girls could ride any horse that a man would mount. They rode with grace, poise, and self-composure, and were never

happier than when they had a fine fat horse, a pretty saddle-blanket, a good saddle, and a new bridle and "martin-gales." The man was the same way except that he had a "crupper" to his saddle. Each was proud of his horse and of his company, and when courting would ride slow. But when getting away from the crowd so they could court they would ride fast enough.

I have had some rather funny experiences marrying people. I married a couple in a covered wagon once. As I was on my way to an appointment, a young man in a covered wagon with his intended bride asked me to marry them. I told him that I was in a hurry to get to Kentucky Town, but that if he would drive by the church, I would perform the ceremony there. Before long it began raining and the roads got very muddy. After services, I went to Captain Estes's for dinner. When the prospective groom finally reached the church and did not find me, he asked some one where I was. In a little while, there he came, trudging down the roadway on foot. I borrowed a horse, and we rode back to the church. He produced the license, and I said, "Now get up in the wagon and sit down by your 'intended.' " He climbed up to the seat, took the girl's hand, and I married them. They drove off, apparently very happy. I never saw them again.

Another couple I married by torch-light. Two or three buggies of young folks came to my gate one dark night, and sent one man up to the house after me. He asked me to come down to the gate some distance from the house and marry a couple. He explained that they did not come to the house for fear some stock would get out when they opened the gate. He showed me the

license, and I went out with him. When I got there, I could barely see the buggies. I asked, "Which buggy is it?"

"This one over here," he answered.

"Well," I said, "I don't know anything about your color, but I guess you are the couple named in this license."

They both replied at once, "We are!"

The young man who had come to the door brought a torch and I read the names on the license and married them, not having seen their faces. They drove off into the darkness, and I went back to the house thinking that that truly was a leap in the dark.

Out beyond Prosper in the Collin County "Flats" there was a fellow by the name of Hacker who was to get married. He came to the schoolhouse where I was teaching and said,

"Brother Horn, I want you to marry me on Thursday night."

I told him that I would be there, and he rode off. I had a man by the name of John Duncan painting the schoolhouse. I said to him, "John, how would you like to go to a wedding and a big supper tonight?"

"That would be mighty fine," said John.

We drove out, several miles through the moonlight, to where the young girl lived with her grandfather. We hitched and went in. There were no signs of a wedding; the young couple and the old grandfather were sitting in the room together. When I stepped in, the young man looked up and said, "Did you think I was going to marry to-night?"

I replied, "You're the first fellow that I ever saw who did not know when he was to be married."

"Well," he said, indifferently, "you come back next Thursday night and I'll let you marry us."

So we had to go away without a wedding supper.

I married one young lady whose name was Dunn. I made the following pun upon her name:

> It was Dunn before it was begun;
> And still Dunn when half done;
> But was not Dunn when done;
> Because she was no longer Dunn.

On one occasion I went in company with a brother preacher to the home of a family several miles away to perform a marriage. I had finished the ceremony in good style and had stepped back to allow the other preacher to invite the relatives and friends of the happy couple to come by and congratulate them. He was a very serious man and, forgetting he was not at a funeral, said in a pompous voice, "Now, all the relatives may walk by and review the remains."

After the wedding came the charivari, generally called the "chivari." This was accomplished by a large number of young men who would go to the home of the newly married couple with kettles, tin pans, tubs, and horns, and about two o'clock in the morning make such an uproarious noise as to awaken all the people in the immediate neighborhood and keep them awake for two or three hours. Sometimes they would go in and get the bridegroom, take him out, and ride him on a rail, or play other practical jokes on him. They

always kept the noise going until the bride brought out food and drink—the drink was not always mere water. Then they would quiet down for a feast, after which they would "break up the party" in a pleasant way and go home. The bride and groom took it as a compliment that their friends thought enough of them to honor them with a hearty "chivari."

On Lord's day, January 23rd, I read some in the *Christian Monitor* and then went up to Mantua early and called at Brother Newt Taylor's. He was out in the field of politics looking up the voters, whom he loved very much at that time, as he wanted to be a commissioner in the county. I found that the congregation had decided to employ Brother J. R. Darnall to preach another year. I came home after dinner, riding in a brisk norther. During the next two days, I worked hard helping to kill pork and to make rails. I read in the *Life of Sir Walter Scott* at night while I rested.

It rained nearly all the next day, and we stayed indoors a greater part of the time, but went out long enough to drive some birds, catching eight. Up to that time the winter had been the mildest that we had experienced for many years. Dr. Thrall had predicted the increased severity of the southern winters, but the doctors do not know all things. In fact, our winter was fine, and wheat was looking well for the time it had been sown.

On Monday, the last day of January, I hauled a load of wheat to McKinney and had four loads of lumber hauled out for me. The roads were rough and our loads were small. The candidates had been out all during the

month, looking out the "dear people." This month had been unusually mild for January. Last year she was rough.

On the first day of February I cut and hauled some logs to make sills for my house. The next two days I hauled wheat to McKinney; and on Friday we finished hauling out sills and went to Mr. Weeks and "handled" two axes and ground them. On Saturday I went to White Mound, and, after talking with some brethren, learned that Brother McIntyre, one of my brother preachers, was confusing the minds of some with reference to their baptism. He took the ground that no one immersed by the Baptists could be a Christian. If a person is desirous of obeying the Saviour when baptized, I felt sure it would be valid.

On the following day I rode over to S. A. Tucker's and borrowed a cross-cut saw, and we worked at the foundation of my house all day. At night we had quite a warm and interesting investigation on the building of gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, and stubble, based upon the third chapter of First Corinthians. Brother Carruth and Brother B. A. O'Brien took the position that the preacher was the builder and his converts the material mentioned. The rest agreed with me that it was the Christian who builds and that the acts of his life were the materials. By the following Friday we had finished the sills and laid the foundation of my house, and Saturday I left home with my little family to meet my appointment. We dined at B. A. O'Brien's, and after a little rest, proceeded on our journey. In crossing a creek, my horse choked down aud turned the buggy up on its side and threw Mittie

and the children out. No one was seriously hurt, yet Mittie had a gash cut on her forehead and Mattie was scratched. After repairing a few things, we journeyed on, reaching Farmington just in time to be too late for supper. We put up at Brother Miller's that night, and, at the usual hour, I preached to the people.

I went over to McKinney on the next Wednesday and learned that the church members were raising money to buy an organ for the Sunday School. They were planning to grind out their Salvation. I knew it would be used in the church in less than five years unless my judgment was at fault. I also learned that W. M. Bush of near Plano was dangerously stabbed on the 15th of this month on account of an old grudge.

By the last of February we had almost finished my house, and as February had twenty-nine days, we had one extra day, during which we laid the floors and put on some finishing touches. I started March by going to McKinney in company with Sister Lou, who had accompanied us to Texas several years before. She had her deposition taken in a case then pending in the Smith County Court of Tennessee. I was busy during the next few days sowing oats, laying floors, and shingling my house. Several times I went hunting, killing rabbits, squirrels, quail, and two opossums.

April came in weeping, but was soon smiling, and I went to White Mound. I found that one of my brethren, Mr. Boyd, was acting very nobly in keeping his children together since the death of his wife. To be both mother and father to little ones is a difficult job, but one that God rewards abundantly.

I came home and was busy in regular duties until

the 10th, when Brother McCombs came by. We spent about two hours upon our arrangements for a debate. We finally agreed upon four propositions to be discussed. In the afternoon we got news that Major Buck's horses had been stolen the night before and that he had gone in pursuit of the thieves. In the evening I read some in the *Texas Baptist* and in *Common Sense*. The latter was an infidel sheet published at Paris, Texas. It was a detestable little paper given to ridicule and slander. Also I learned with sadness that one of my brethren, Cyrus Andrews, had had a team of horses to run away with him a few days previously and dislocate his shoulder. He was very badly hurt, but I did not get to see him, as he was in Sherman.

On the following Saturday, after doing some work about the place, I shelled some corn and went to mill. A big horse race was up, and those who did not go were few. I saw some persons going out who claimed to be Christians. The church at McKinney was almost literally dead.

June came along bringing another harvest, and I began the month by helping father in the wheat field. We did not get done before a rain came upon us, and Mr. Flow, one of our binders, was taken quite sick.

On the 16th I was paid a visit by Brother J. W. Dillon. We renewed an old acquaintance started when we were classmates in the Bible College in Kentucky during 1870. He had just come from Missouri, and was thinking of locating in Texas. It is good to meet with old friends. The next day was Saturday and the reaper cut my father's oats, and the hands bound and shocked them up. We also shocked mine by noon, and all went

to the creek for a wash. There was a deep pool, overhung by giant water elms. How refreshing the cool water was to our tired bodies! It was running over the blue soapstone rocks and breaking in white foam about our naked feet.

On the following Thursday, Brother Hunsaker took my place in the harvest field, and Brother Dillon and I went with Brother O'Brien to see Brother E. R. Scott. He and Brother O'Brien were grieved at each other. On the way we added Brother Darnall to our company. We reached Brother Scott's, and we all labored for two or three hours in the corncrib. Finally, we made the brethren see their error, and soon the difference was amicably settled. This prevented a Committee which was to hear the case on the next day. We came back, and I took Brother Hunsaker's place, and we finished up the oat harvest that afternoon. Then we all went on foot to the Bible Class and had an interesting session. The next day I had a hunt for my cow, but had a hard time finding her; she had hidden her calf out and I could not find it. The last day of June I went up to see old Brother George O'Brien, but arrived a few minutes after his death. I assisted in washing, shaving, and dressing him. On my return I found my cow and calf and brought them home.

On the 11th of July I started for Dallas to attend the State meeting of our Church. I went by McKinney and dined with the bachelors of that city, who were forming themselves into a club. I attended the meeting at Dallas, and, on returning, learned that my brother, Eli, had been badly bitten by my dog. I rode

with Brother Davis part of the way until we came to Mr. Weeks's pasture; then I footed it to father's to see how Eli was getting along. I found him doing very well.

On Friday, the 21st, I left for Ennis, Texas, reaching that place after night. As I was not acquainted, I put up at the Ennis House. I went over to a Presbyterian Church to a singing and stayed a few minutes. I helped in a meeting until the 29th, when I took the cars for home. The main train was four hours' behind time; so I bought a ticket on the "mixed" and came to Hutchins Station, and caught the passenger train there. I reached home about sunset, and found all tolerably well.

I went to McKinney the 1st of August to meet McCombs in debate. The proposition being stated, he led out on "Total Depravity." His effort was an earnest one, but he did not define the terms; hence a good deal of his speech was irrelevant to his subject. I followed with an hour's speech, after which we had an intermission of two hours. The evening session was warm, yet in good spirit. I felt that the verdict was largely in my favor. I was sure that I had the Truth on my side.

A shower moved us to the Baptist Church the next day. We had a little skirmishing as to whether we should continue with the first proposition or take up the second. The house finally decided to open the discussion with the second proposition. I led out on the work of the Spirit in conversion. McCombs followed in a lengthy speech on the various works of the Spirit. I reviewed him in the afternoon at the arbor. We closed on good terms and agreed to discuss the sub-

ject of Total Depravity again. I received $11.15, which was contributed for my labors by the people, and went home. I helped Mittie wash the next morning.

The first Sunday in September I attended the Methodist Church in the evening and heard H. C. Rogers on Baptism. A proposition was made by Professor Clifton, Methodist, that I postpone my discussion on Baptism and let them have the ears of the people at night. I replied that the Golden Rule might be observed by their giving way and letting me preach that night, and I would give way to them the next night. This was accepted, and I spoke to the largest audience that I had ever seen at Weston.

I went ahead with my preaching and, a little later in the month, gathered and cribbed seventeen loads of fine corn. So I had no fear of having to buy corn that year or the next. Gathering corn was a hot job, and scooping or throwing it into the window of the crib was almost back-breaking at times, but it sounded good to hear the big sound ears as they fell into the crib. It meant horse and hog feed and many a good pone of "hoecake."

October was wheat sowing month with me; but I did many other tasks about the place and in the fields of my neighbors. I would work all day at raking cornstalks and then burn them at night. It was a beautiful sight to see a great pile of dry cornstalks on fire on a dark night, while you stood within the circle of light and felt the cheerful warmth of the flames; then when the pile burned low, and the sparks quit flying, to take a long stalk with a large shuck on it and set it afire in

the blaze and make a run to the next pile and set it. I always enjoyed burning stalks.

I killed my hogs along towards the last of November, during a cold snap, and also helped Pa to kill his. And on December 1st, I salted down my meat. I did my best to fix it so it would not spoil this time, for I still had unpleasant memories of throwing away pork.

My work went on without ceasing as Time bore me through the last month of the dying year.

Much had happened during the past twelve months, but we had worked as well as we knew in His Kingdom. We had also completed a new home here upon earth, which seemed to us like a portion of Heaven. And I thought: Happiness consists not in wealth or poverty, but in the content that comes from service to God and man. I cannot say that a wealthy person is not happy, for I have had no experience; but I do know that one enjoys life spent in the development of his own powers and in improving the lot of his fellowmen. "He that would love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no guile, and let him turn away from evil and do good: let him seek peace and pursue it."

As I looked out at the swiftly falling snow that a brisk wind was hurling from the North, I repeated these lines:

> As winged birds the little minutes fly away;
> The hour soon gone, and soon the day;
> The weeks, the years are passing!

I called Mittie over to my side, and together, as the shadows lengthened upon the last day of the old year, we bade adieu to 1876.

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